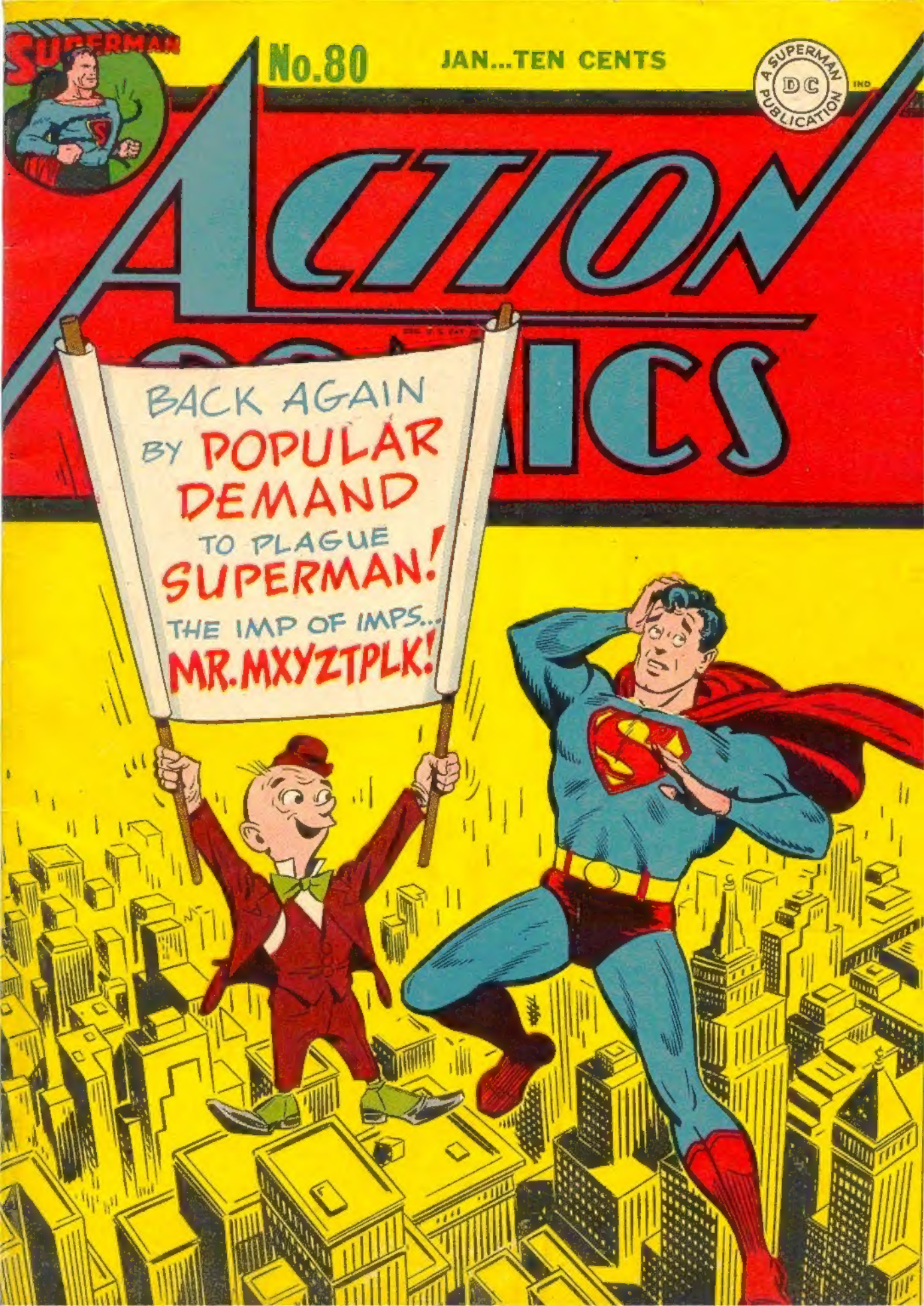
SUPERMAN
No.80
JAN...TEN CENTS
A SUPERMAN PUBLICATION
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ACTION
ICS
BACK AGAIN
BY POPULAR
DEMAND
TO PLAGUE
SUPERMAN!
THE IMP OF IMPS...
MR. MXYZTPLK!

SUPERMAN
by JERRY SIEGEL AND JOE SHUSTER
DO YOU REMEMBER THAT GNOMISH NUISANCE FROM AN UNKNOWN DIMENSION, WHOSE PERVERSE PRACTICAL JOKES SHOOK METROPOLIS TO ITS FOUNDATIONS NOT SO VERY LONG AGO?.. WELL, HERE'S OUR PROBLEM-PIXIE BACK AGAIN, AS WHIMSICALLY WHACKY AS EVER--AND JUST AS HARD TO HANDLE. LAUGHTER AND TERROR GO HAND IN HAND--AND EVEN THE MIGHTY SUPERMAN IS BAFFLED TIME AND AGAIN BY THE STORM OF SILLY SUPERNATURAL TRICKERY THAT SWEEPS THE CITY WHEN:.
"MR. MXYZTPLK RETURNS!"

THIS DIZZIEST OF DAYS IN THE LIFE OF CLARK KENT SEEMS TO BEGIN PRETTY MUCH LIKE ANY OTHER...
SEVEN ALREADY! AND I'VE GOT TO BE AT THE OFFICE AT EIGHT SHARP FOR A SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT!
BRRRRING

BUT AT THE PLANET OFFICE...
ELEVEN O'CLOCK! A FINE TIME TO COME IN! I HAD TO SEND LOIS TO COVER THAT STORY FOR YOU!
ELEVEN? MY WATCH SAYS EXACTLY EIGHT--AND IT'S NEVER BEEN WRONG BEFORE!
DAILY PLANET

HE TAKES A STORY FROM THE POLICE REPORTER...
SO THEY FINALLY CAUGHT LEFTY BRAGG FOR THAT BANK ROBBERY, EH?

GREAT SCOTT, CLARK--HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY? THIS STORY YOU WROTE SAYS LEFTY BRAGG ARRESTED THE POLICE COMMISSIONER FOR ROBBING A BANK!
DID I WRITE THAT?

MAYBE A GOOD LUNCH WILL STRAIGHTEN ME OUT! HOW ABOUT JOINING ME, LOIS?
WHY NOT?

IF YOU THINK YOU'RE BEING FUNNY, WEARING MY HAT, YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER GUESS COMING!
HUH? YOUR HAT?
2

I'VE FOUND A NEW PLACE TO GO FOR LUNCH! YOU'LL LIKE IT!
YOU'VE BEEN WRONG ABOUT EVERYTHING ELSE TODAY--BUT I'LL TAKE A CHANCE!

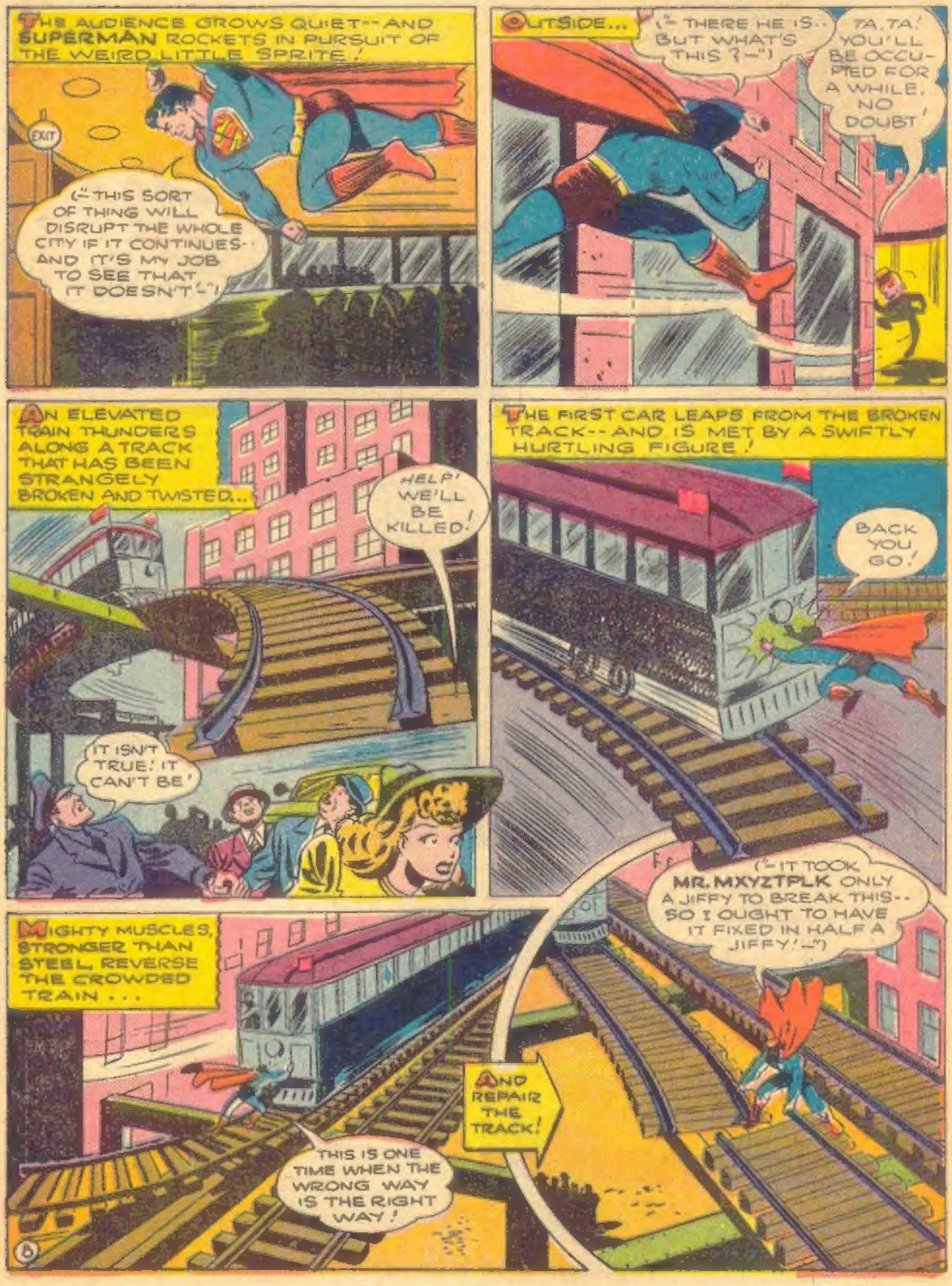
THIS IS IT! THE ATMOSPHERE IS RATHER, BOHEMIAN
CLARK KENT, HAVE YOU LOST YOUR MIND?
WANTA PET SHC
GET A LONG LITTLE DOGGIE
GET A SHORT LITTLE DOGGIE
GET A DOGGIE!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME! HERE IT IS--THREE DOORS AWAY!
The DISH and SPOON
MAYBE WE SHOULD GO TO A PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE INSTEAD!
MAYBE WHAT I NEED IS A GOOD, STRONG CUP OF COFF--
OOFF!
GOOD HEAVENS!
SOMEONE PUSHED MY ARM!
CLARK! BE CAREFUL!
NOW THAT YOU'VE EMBARRASSED ME TO TEARS AND RUINED MY DRESS, I HOPE YOU'RE SATISFIED!
IT WAS AN ACCIDENT! I'M TERRIBLY SORRY!
3
AND NOW--ENTER THE VILLAIN!
(--MAYBE I OUGHT TO GET THE POLICE TO LOCK ME UP FOR THE REST OF THE DAY, BEFORE I GET IN REAL TROUBLE!--)
YOU SEEM SAD, MY FRIEND!
I'VE BEEN SAD, TOO, EVER SINCE YOU WROTE THOSE UNCOMPLIMENTARY STORIES ABOUT ME FOR YOUR PAPER!
YOU! NO WONDER!

DOWN? ANYTHING YOU SAY!
CALL THE POLICE!
HELP!
"UNDER-PRIVILEGED PIXIE" AND "IRRESPONSIBLE SPRITE", YOU CALLED ME--THE ONE AND ONLY MR. MXYZTPLK! THAT HURT!
HEY--WE'RE ON THE CEILING! GET US DOWN, YOU IDIOT!
SHELTERED BEHIND THE TABLE, CLARK SHUCKS HIS OUTER CLOTHING IN A TWINKLING . . .
I HAVE SO MUCH FUN, I DON'T SEE HOW I STAND IT!
("--HERE'S WHERE SUPERMAN PLAYS A RETURN ENGAGEMENT WITH MR. MXYZTPLK--AND SEES THAT HE DEPARTS FROM THIS WORLD FOR HIS OWN DIMENSION WITHOUT DELAY!")
TAG! YOU'RE IT!... OOPS!
GOT YOU!
AND ONCE AGAIN THE MAN FROM SOME WEIRD EXTRA-DIMENSIONAL WORLD MEETS THE MAN OF TOMORROW!
I'M GOING TO PUT YOU OUT OF COMMISSION!
SWISH
HOW NICE! WE HAD SUCH A JOLLY TIME WHEN I VISITED YOUR QUAINT THREE-DIMENSIONAL WORLD BEFORE!
HAVE YOU?
POP
CLAP
HE'S DISAPPEARED... I TRUST IT'S PERMANENTLY!
4

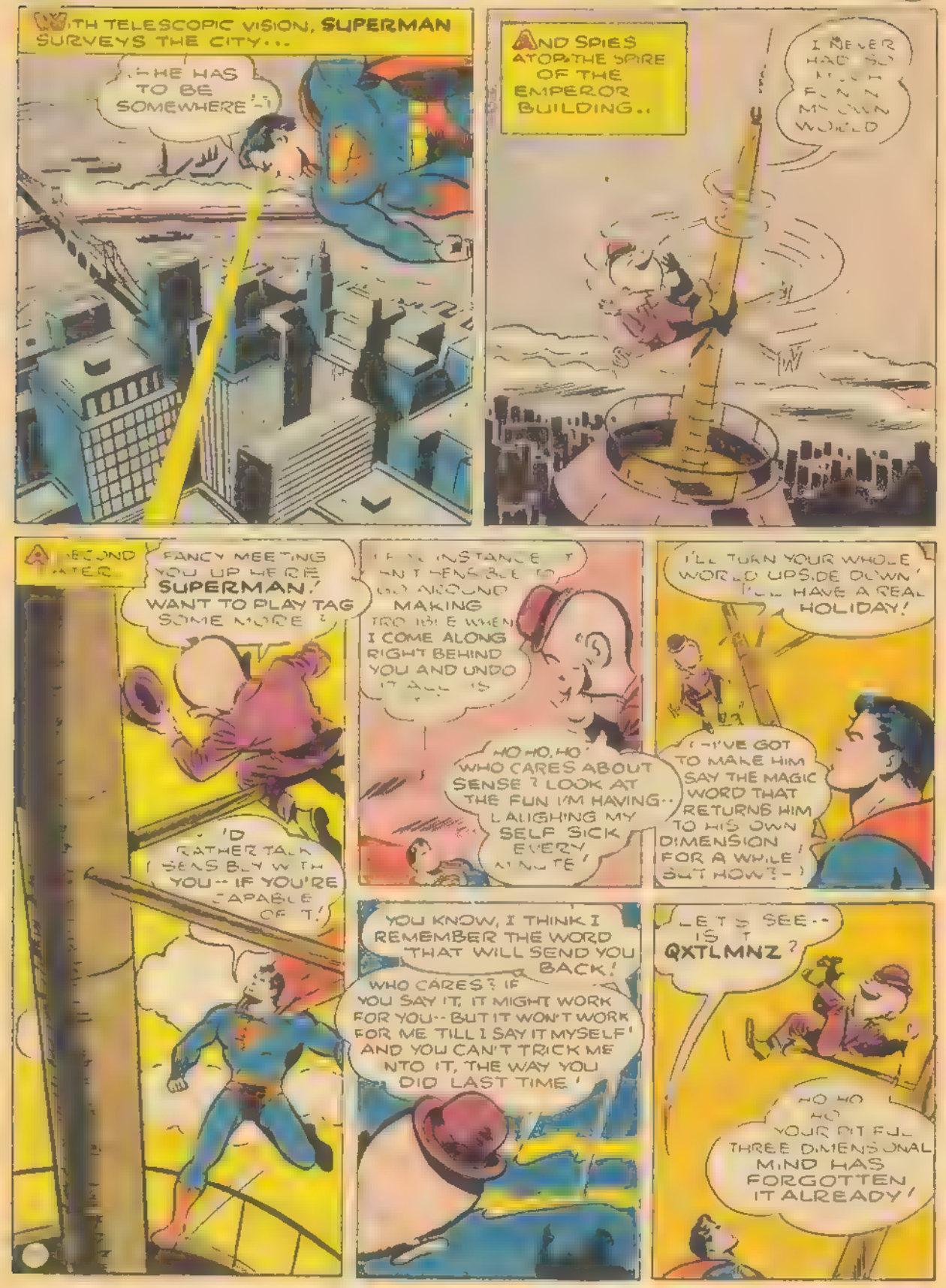
LATER, AT THE DAILY PLANET OFFICE . . . .
BUT I TELL YOU, I SAW HIM! HE WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL THAT HAPPENED!
A NICE ALIBI--BUT SOMEHOW, I NEVER REALLY BELIEVED IN MR. MXYZTPLK! I SAW HIM THAT LAST TIME, TOO--BUT I STILL THINK IT WAS SOME KIND OF TRICK!
SHE DOUBTS ME, DOES SHE? I'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT!
AND NOW, IF YOU'LL STOP BOTHERING ME, I'VE GOT AN IMPORTANT STORY TO WRITE!
YOU WRITE AN IMPORTANT STORY? DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! ALL THE OTHER MACHINES IN THE OFFICE ARE CALLING ME A TRIPEWRITER BECAUSE OF THE STUFF YOU MAKE ME TURN OUT!
HUH?
I SAID, STOP BOTHERING ME! AND DON'T TRY TO ALIBI YOURSELF THIS TIME, BECAUSE I SAW YOU READING A BOOK ON VENTRILOQUISM THE OTHER DAY!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!
OF COURSE, IF YOU DON'T WANT TO BELIEVE ME, YOU DON'T HAVE TO!
OH-H-H!
ZIP
CLARK KENT, I'LL GET EVEN WITH YOU FOR THAT IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!
BUT I DIDN'T DO ANY-THING!
5
EEEEEEEEE
I SUPPOSE I DID THAT, TOO!

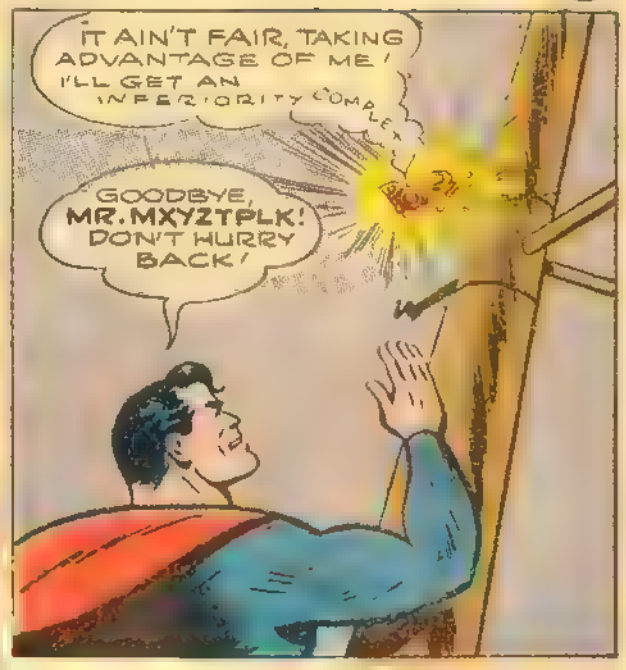
THE NEXT INSTANT...
HO, HO, HO, HO! WHAT FOOLS YOU MORTALS BE!
WH-WHY--IT'S HIM!
YOU SHOULD HAVE KNOWN!
QUITE A BREEZY CHAP, AREN'T I?
CUT IT OUT! IT'LL TAKE HOURS TO STRAIGHTEN OUT THIS MESS!
CLARK, PERHAPS I OWE YOU AN APOLOGY!
WITH THE SPEED OF A BULLET, THE LITTLE MISCHIEF-MAKER STREAKS THROUGH THE WINDOW--AND VANISHES!
GOODBYE, NOW!
AND GOOD RIDDANCE!
YOU CAN SKIP THE APOLOGY, LOIS--BUT I'VE GOT TICKETS FOR THE OPENING OF THE NEW MOVIE, "ROGUE'S MARCH", TONIGHT!
IF YOU'RE INVITING ME TO GO WITH YOU--YES!
THAT EVENING...
LIKE IT?
IT'S CERTAINLY EXCITING!
SUDDENLY..
CEASE THIS UNSEEMLY CONDUCT IMMEDIATELY! I--MR. MXYZTPLK--COMMAND IT!
Y-YESSIR!
CLARK--LOOK!

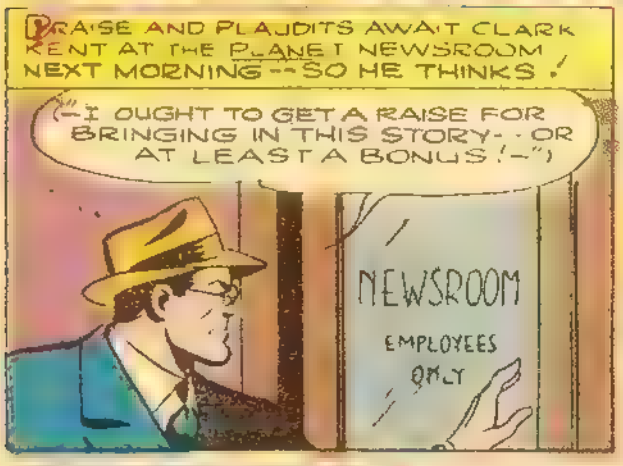
THE VERY IDEA-- BRAWLING IN FRONT OF ALL THESE NICE PEOPLE! WHY NOT GO OUTSIDE AND SETTLE YOUR DIFFERENCES QUIETLY AND DECENTLY?
WE NEVER STOPPED TO THINK, MR. MXYZTPLK!
STUNNED AUDIENCE SEES THE SHADOW-FIGURES STEP RIGHT OUT OF THE SCREEN!
COME-- WE'LL FIND A CONVENIENT ALLEY! I'LL ACT AS REFEREE!
YOU'RE VERY KIND, MR. MXYZTPLK!
IT'S BLACK MAGIC! LET ME OUT OF HERE!
EEEE!
THAT'S A GOOD IDEA! ("--HAVE TO GET AWAY FROM LOIS.--")
UNDER COVER OF THE CONFUSION, CLARK DEPARTS HASTILY...
POLICE!
HELP!
I'M GOING HOME!
("--THERE'LL BE A PANIC IN ANOTHER SECOND! TIME FOR SUPERMAN TO MAKE A PERSONAL APPEARANCE!--")
VIVID FIGURE SPRINGS TO THE STAGE... A COMMANDING VOICE RINGS OUT... AND THE FRIGHTENED AUDIENCE PAYS HEED!
KEEP YOUR SEATS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! THERE'S NO DANGER!
SUPERMAN!
WHERE DID HE COME FROM?
7
THAT WAS ONLY A TRICK ARRANGED BY A CERTAIN TROUBLEMAKER WHO WILL LEAVE METROPOLIS SHORTLY! BUT IF YOU START A PANIC, IT WILL TURN INTO A TRAGEDY!
HE'S RIGHT! SIT DOWN, EVERYBODY!
WHAT A STORY THIS WILL MAKE!


THE AUDIENCE GROWS QUIET--AND SUPERMAN ROCKETS IN PURSUIT OF THE WEIRD LITTLE SPRITE!
EXIT
(" THIS SORT OF THING WILL DISRUPT THE WHOLE CITY IF IT CONTINUES-- AND IT'S MY JOB TO SEE THAT IT DOESN'T—")
OUTSIDE...
(" THERE HE IS-- BUT WHAT'S THIS?—")
TA, TA! YOU'LL BE OCCUPIED FOR A WHILE, NO DOUBT!
AN ELEVATED TRAIN THUNDERS ALONG A TRACK THAT HAS BEEN STRANGELY BROKEN AND TWISTED...
HELP! WE'LL BE KILLED!
IT ISN'T TRUE! IT CAN'T BE!
THE FIRST CAR LEAPS FROM THE BROKEN TRACK--AND IS MET BY A SWIFTLY HURTLING FIGURE!
BACK YOU GO!
(" IT TOOK MR. MXYZTPLK ONLY A JIFFY TO BREAK THIS-- SO I OUGHT TO HAVE IT FIXED IN HALF A JIFFY!—")
MIGHTY MUSCLES, STRONGER THAN STEEL, REVERSE THE CROWDED TRAIN . . .
AND REPAIR THE TRACK!
THIS IS ONE TIME WHEN THE WRONG WAY IS THE RIGHT WAY!
6

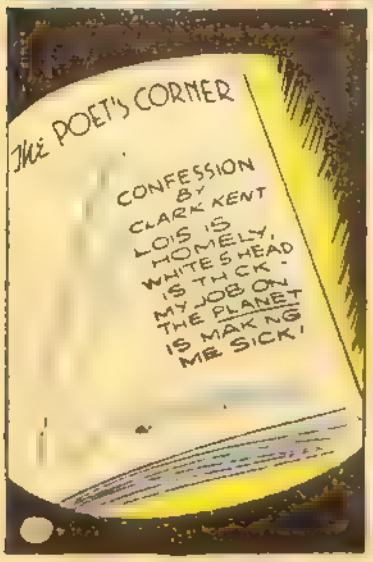
WHERE NOW? THE SUPERSENSITIVE EARS OF THE MAN OF TOMORROW CATCH SOUNDS OF COMMOTION FROM THE DIRECTION OF THE RIVERFRONT...
("TROUBLE DOWN THIS WAY--AND WHERE THERE'S TROUBLE, IT'S A SURE SIGN THAT GRINNING LITTLE IMP WAS THERE RECENTLY!—")
HUMAN CANNONBALL PLUNGES INTO THE TURBULENT FLOOD!
WHERE FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HISTORY, THE METROPOLIS RIVER IS RUNNING UPHILL!
THE WHOLE CITY WILL BE FLOODED!
IT'S A TIDAL WAVE!
NOTHING CAN STOP IT!
("—MR. MXYZTPLK HAS GONE TOO FAR THIS TIME! A FLOOD WOULD COST LIVES AND MILLIONS OF DOLLARS!—")
SUPERMAN! BUT WHAT CAN HE DO?
THE SPEED OF HIS PASSAGE LEAVES A VACUUM THAT DRAWS THE THOUSANDS OF TONS OF WATER BACK TO THE RIVER BED!
EASY WHEN YOU KNOW HOW!
SOON...
YOU'VE SAVED THE CITY, SUPERMAN!
NOT YET! NOT TILL I'VE LOCATED A CERTAIN LITTLE FELLOW WITH A WARPED SENSE OF HUMOR!
9


WITH TELESCOPIC VISION, SUPERMAN SURVEYS THE CITY...
HE HAS TO BE SOMEWHERE!
AND SPIES ATOP THE SPIRE OF THE EMPEROR BUILDING..
I NEVER HAD SUCH FUN IN MY OWN WORLD
A SECOND LATER...
FANCY MEETING YOU UP HERE SUPERMAN! WANT TO PLAY TAG SOME MORE?
I'D RATHER TALK SENSE WITH YOU -- IF YOU'RE CAPABLE OF IT!
FOR INSTANCE IT ISN'T SENSIBLE TO GO AROUND MAKING TROUBLE WHEN I COME ALONG RIGHT BEHIND YOU AND UNDO IT ALL!
HO HO HO! WHO CARES ABOUT SENSE? LOOK AT THE FUN I'M HAVING.. LAUGHING MY SELF SICK EVERY MINUTE!
I'LL TURN YOUR WHOLE WORLD UPSIDE DOWN! I'LL HAVE A REAL HOLIDAY!
I'VE GOT TO MAKE HIM SAY THE MAGIC WORD THAT RETURNS HIM TO HIS OWN DIMENSION FOR A WHILE! BUT HOW?
YOU KNOW, I THINK I REMEMBER THE WORD THAT WILL SEND YOU BACK!
WHO CARES? IF YOU SAY IT, IT MIGHT WORK FOR YOU -- BUT IT WON'T WORK FOR ME TILL I SAY IT MYSELF! AND YOU CAN'T TRICK ME INTO IT, THE WAY YOU DID LAST TIME!
LET'S SEE.. IS IT QXTLMNZ?
HO HO HO! YOUR PITIFUL THREE DIMENSIONAL MIND HAS FORGOTTEN IT ALREADY!

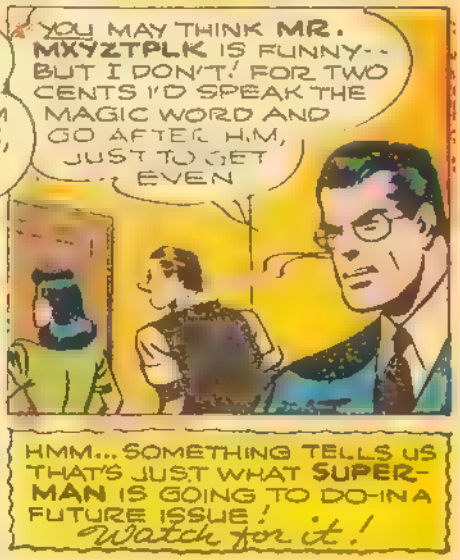




PRAISE AND PLAUDITS AWAIT CLARK KENT AT THE PLANET NEWSROOM NEXT MORNING--SO HE THINKS!
("--I OUGHT TO GET A RAISE FOR BRINGING IN THIS STORY--OR AT LEAST A BONUS!--")
NEWSROOM
EMPLOYEES ONLY

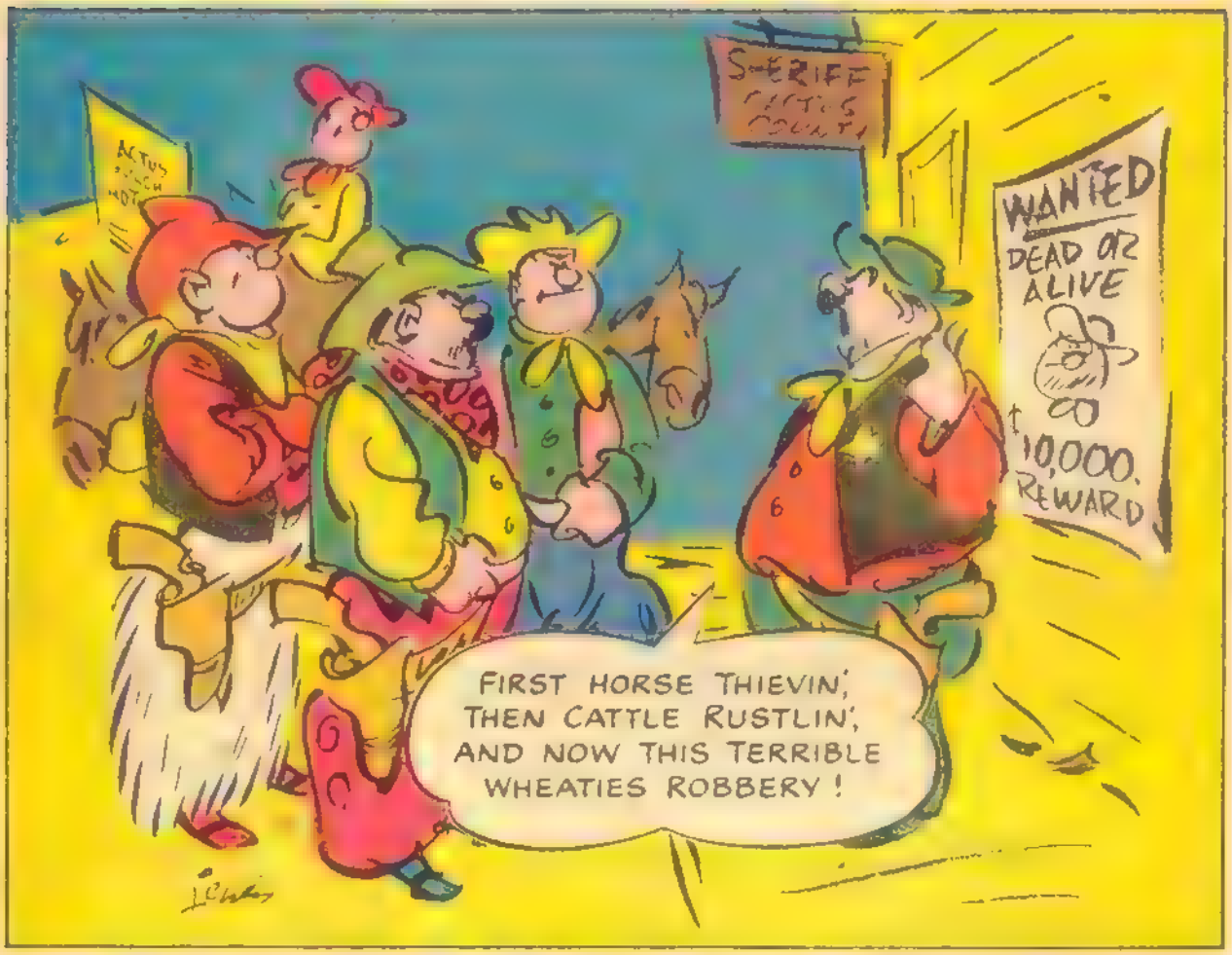
BUT, IT APPEARS HE'S SLIGHTLY WRONG..
TIME YOU WERE COMING IN! PLEASE EXPLAIN THIS LITTLE ITEM IN THE GLOBE THIS MORNING!
IF YOU CAN EXPLAIN IT!
HUH?...



SO MY HEAD'S THICK, IS IT?
I'M GLAD YOU THINK I'M HOMELY! AND I HOPE YOU WON'T TRY TO BLAME THIS POEM ON MR. MXYZTPLK, ALONG WITH EVERYTHING ELSE
BUT..
BUT..
BUT..




HMM... SOMETHING TELLS US THAT'S JUST WHAT SUPERMAN IS GOING TO DO IN A FUTURE ISSUE! *Watch for it!*



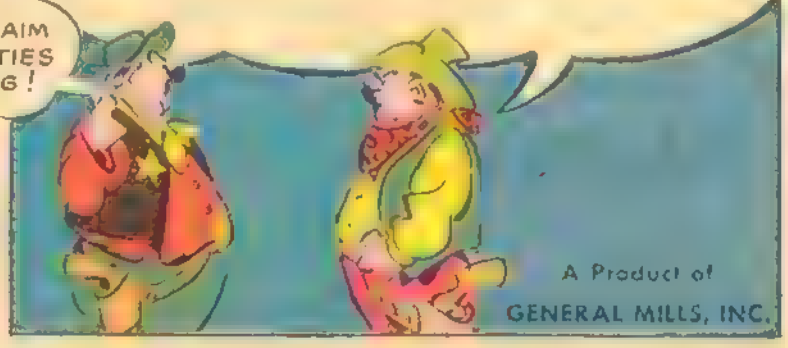
"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

NOT MUCH LAW IN CACTUS GULCH BUT THERE HAS TO BE PLENTY OF THEM THAR WHEATIES. FOLKS REALLY GO FOR THOSE SWELL WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES.

RECKON YOU'LL LIKE WHEATIES, TOO. THEY'RE ROASTED GOLDEN BROWN. CRISP AND CRUNCHY AND FLAVORED JUST RIGHT TO MAKE A BIG HIT WITH YOUR APPETITE. CHUCK FULL OF ZESTY TOASTED TASTES AND MELLOW MALT-SWEET SYRUP. AND BEHIND ALL THAT GOOD EATING IS LOTS OF SOLID WHOLE GRAIN NOURISHMENT

LIGHT OUT FOR YOUR GROCERS AND PACK HOME A LOAD OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS." YOU'LL WANT 'EM MIGHTY REGULAR. EVERY MORNING FOR BREAKFAST. SOMETIMES FOR LUNCH OR SUPPER. OFTEN FOR SNACKS.



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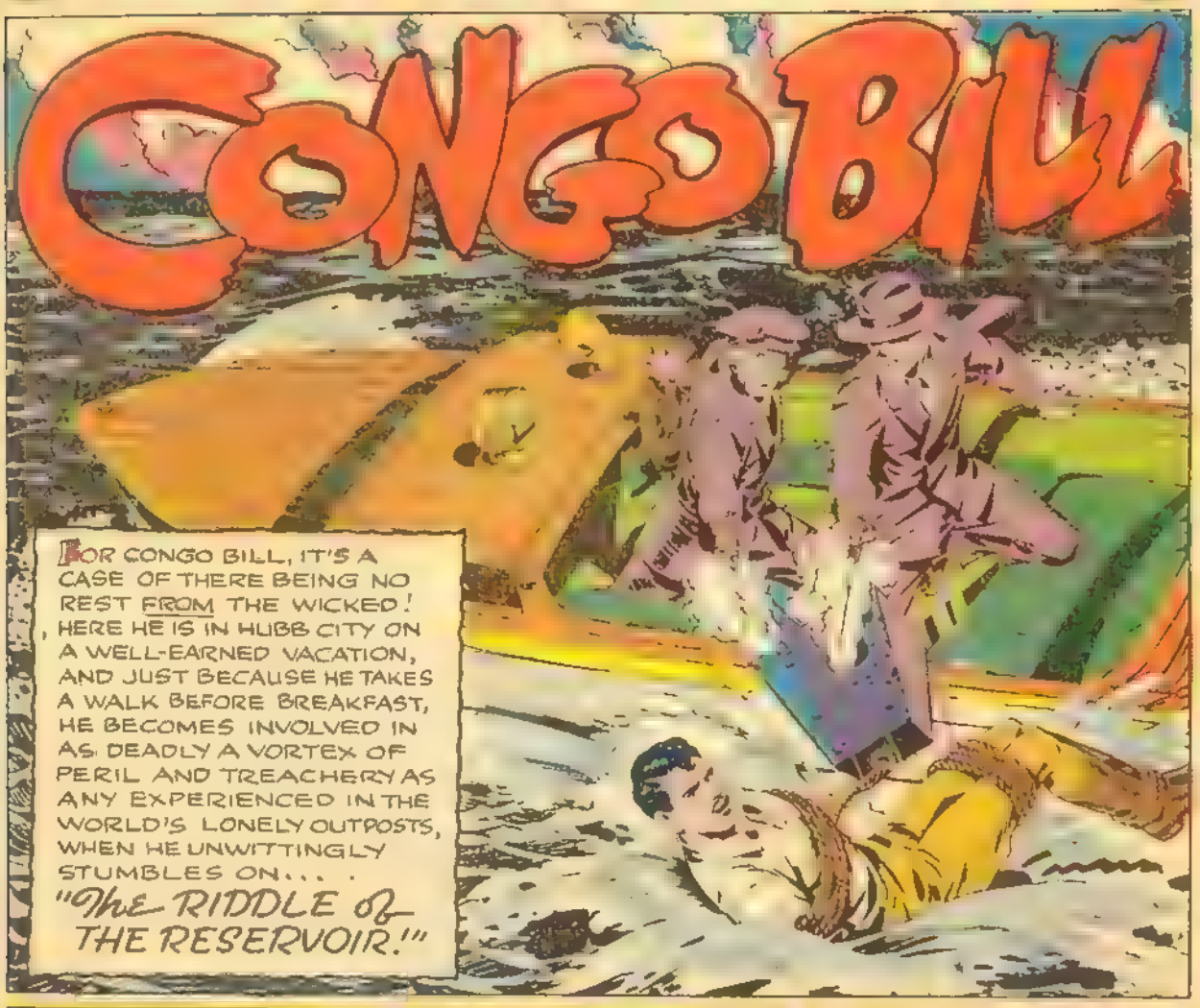
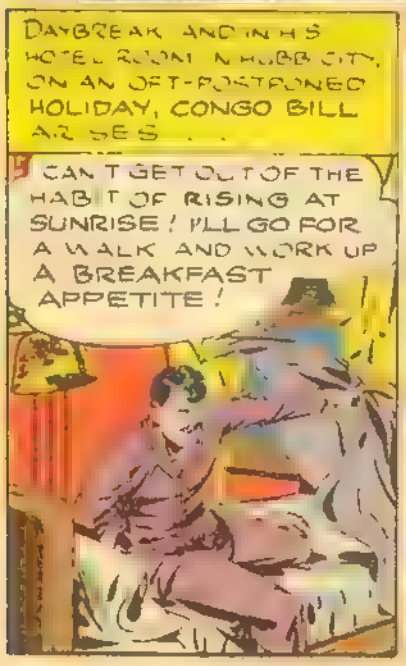
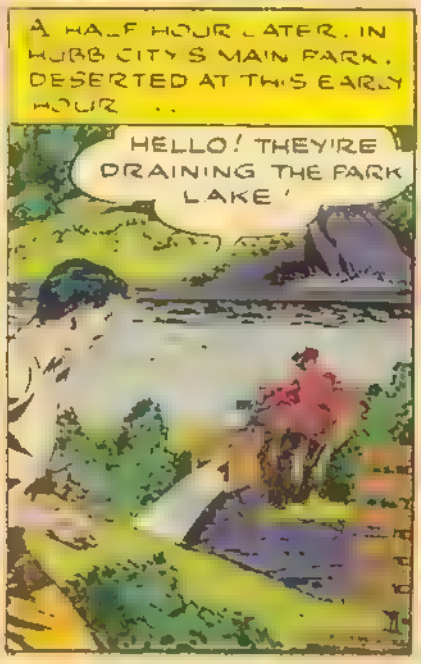
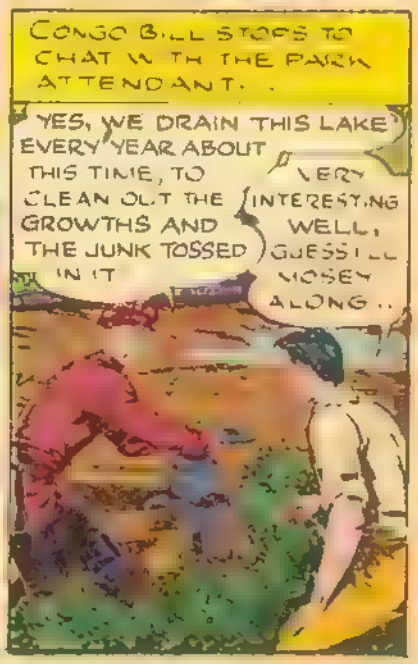
# CONGO BILL

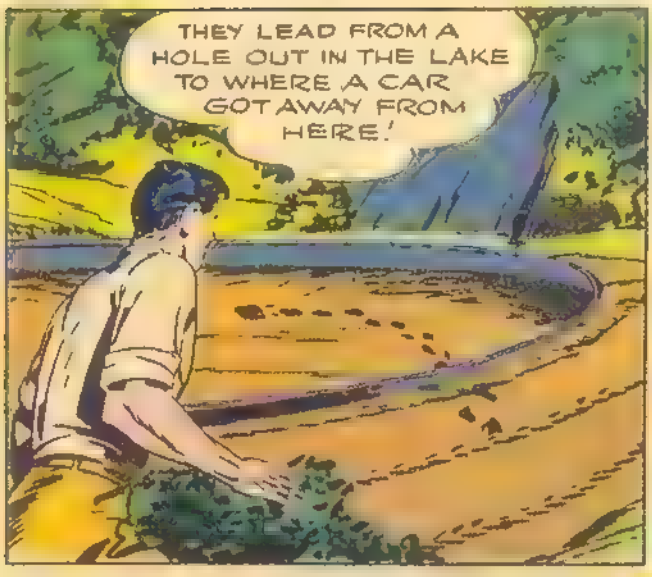

FOR CONGO BILL, IT'S A CASE OF THERE BEING NO REST FROM THE WICKED! HERE HE IS IN HUBB CITY ON A WELL-EARNED VACATION, AND JUST BECAUSE HE TAKES A WALK BEFORE BREAKFAST, HE BECOMES INVOLVED IN AS DEADLY A VORTEX OF PERIL AND TREACHERY AS ANY EXPERIENCED IN THE WORLD'S LONELY OUTPOSTS, WHEN HE UNWITTINGLY STUMBLES ON . . . .
"The RIDDLE of THE RESERVOIR!"

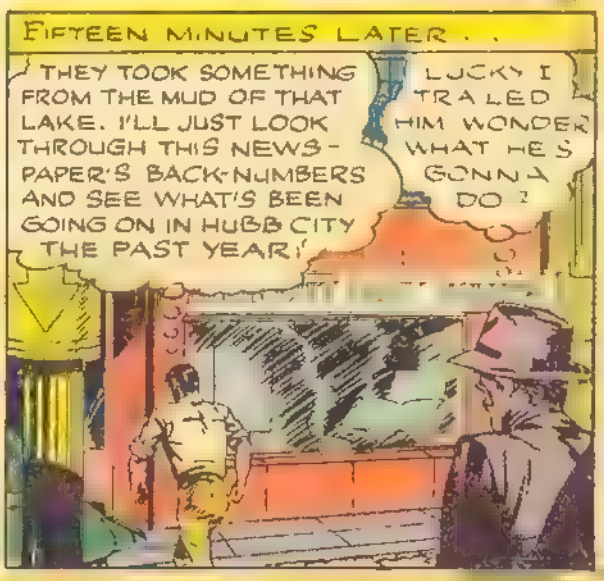

DAYBREAK AND IN HIS HOTEL ROOM IN HUBB CITY, ON AN OFT-POSTPONED HOLIDAY, CONGO BILL ARISES . .
I CAN'T GET OUT OF THE HABIT OF RISING AT SUNRISE! I'LL GO FOR A WALK AND WORK UP A BREAKFAST APPETITE!

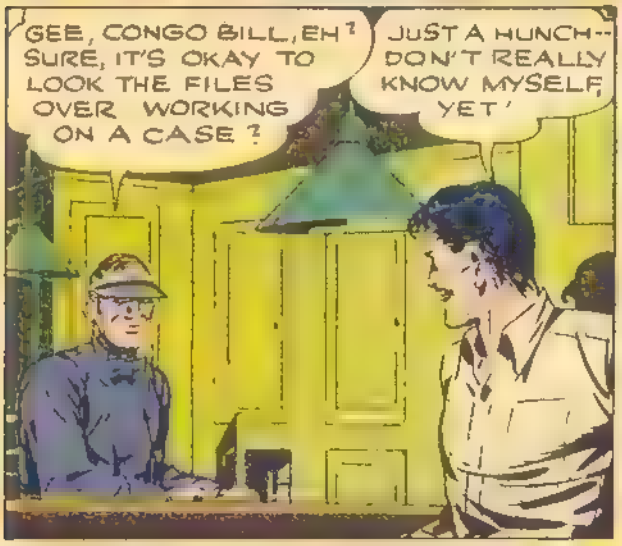

A HALF HOUR LATER, IN HUBB CITY'S MAIN PARK, DESERTED AT THIS EARLY HOUR . .
HELLO! THEY'RE DRAINING THE PARK LAKE!

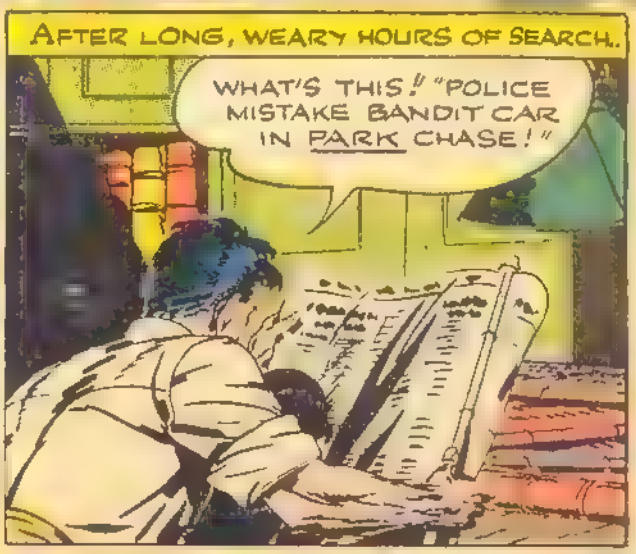

CONGO BILL STOPS TO CHAT WITH THE PARK ATTENDANT. .
YES, WE DRAIN THIS LAKE EVERY YEAR ABOUT THIS TIME, TO CLEAN OUT THE GROWTHS AND THE JUNK TOSSED IN IT
VERY INTERESTING! WELL, GUESS I'LL MOSEY ALONG . .

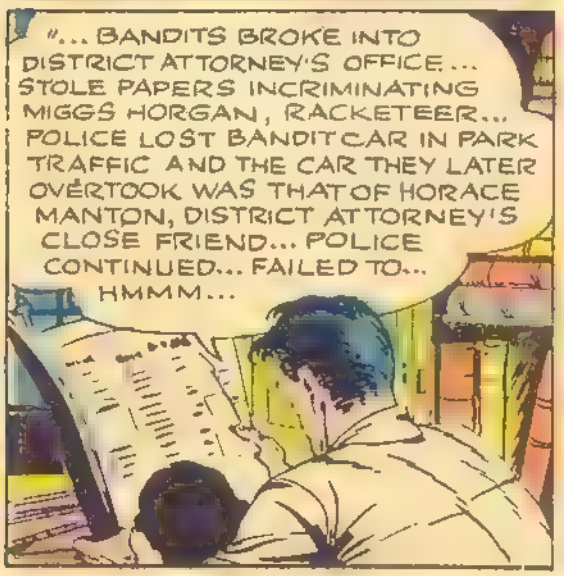
BUT SUDDENLY AND INEXPLICABLY..!
WHA-'
RUSH 'EM, MEN!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT, BUT IT'S SWELL EXERCISE!
YOW!
BLACK JACK WORK, EH? I'LL GET YOU IN A SECOND!
BUT THE NEXT MOMENT, FROM BEHIND...
AHH!
WE GOT TO YOU FOIST!
MINUTES LATER...
THEY'RE GONE...
BETTER LOOK THROUGH OUR POCKETS-- THEY MUSTA BEEN ROBBERS'
NO, NOTHING'S MISSING...
SAME HERE... MAYBE THEY WERE JUST BULLIES OR SOMETHING!
BULLIES? I DOUBT IT... THOSE HOOLIGANS WERE AFTER SOMETHING! --- HMM... MUD TRACKS...

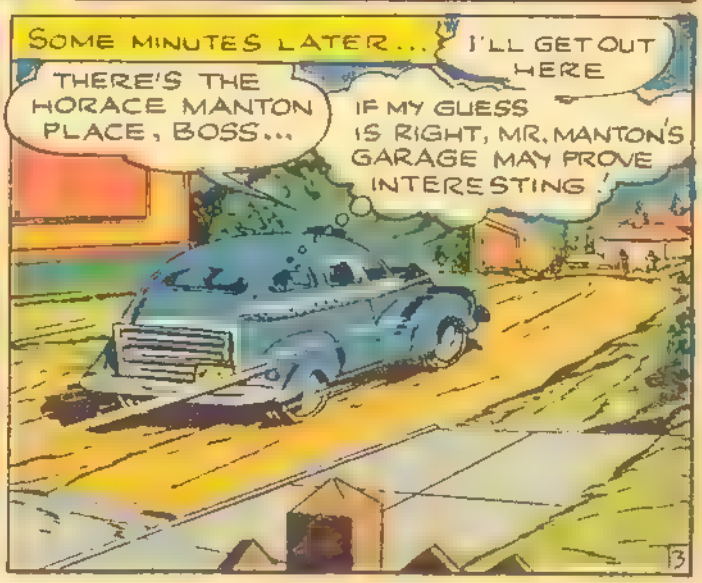

THEY LEAD FROM A HOLE OUT IN THE LAKE TO WHERE A CAR GOT AWAY FROM HERE!


FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER . .
THEY TOOK SOMETHING FROM THE MUD OF THAT LAKE. I'LL JUST LOOK THROUGH THIS NEWS-PAPER'S BACK-NUMBERS AND SEE WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON IN HUBB CITY THE PAST YEAR!
LUCKY I TRALED HIM WONDER WHAT HE'S GONNA DO?


GEE, CONGO BILL, EH? SURE, IT'S OKAY TO LOOK THE FILES OVER WORKING ON A CASE?
JUST A HUNCH-- DON'T REALLY KNOW MYSELF, YET'

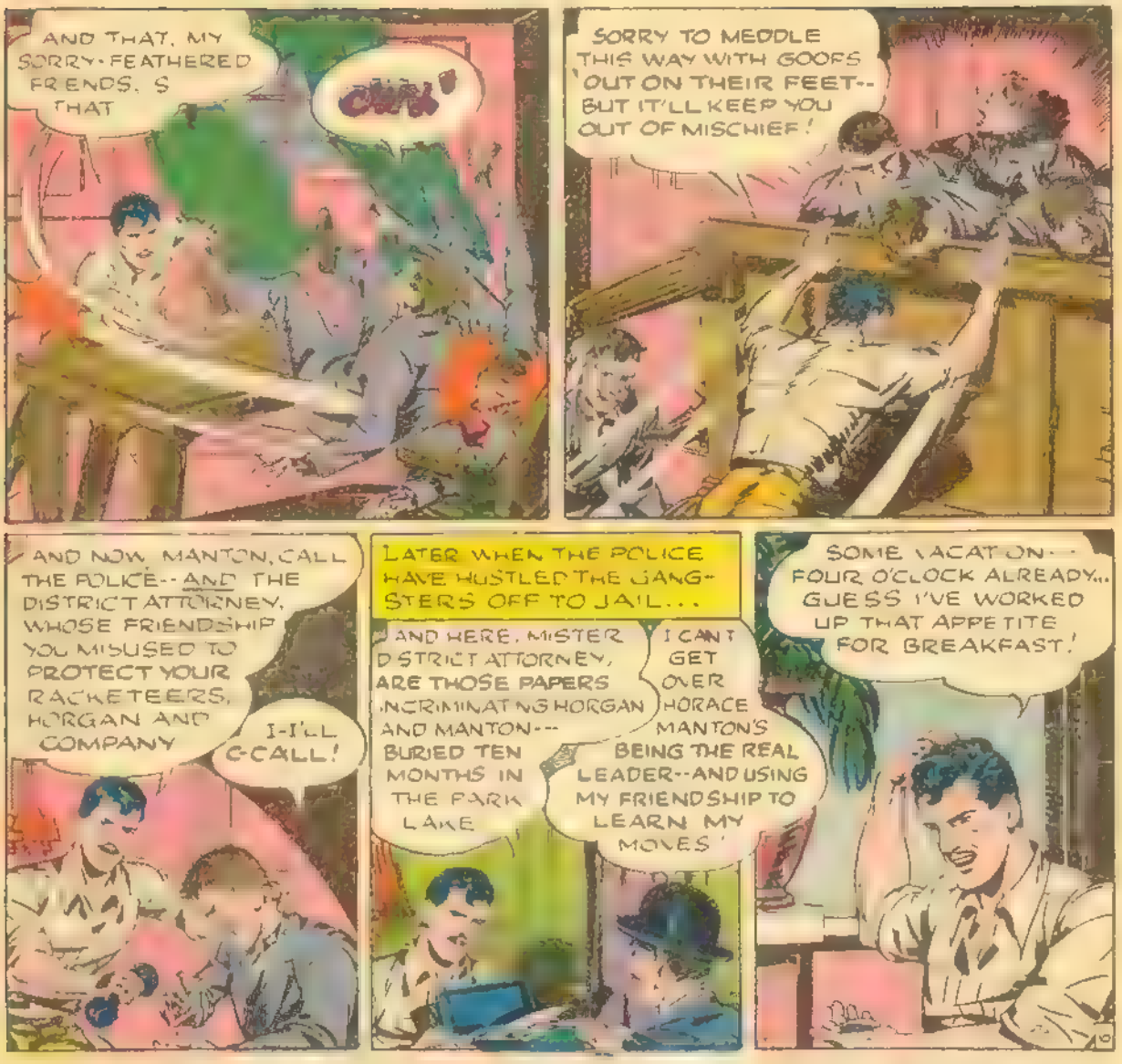

AFTER LONG, WEARY HOURS OF SEARCH.
WHAT'S THIS!! "POLICE MISTAKE BANDIT CAR IN PARK CHASE!"

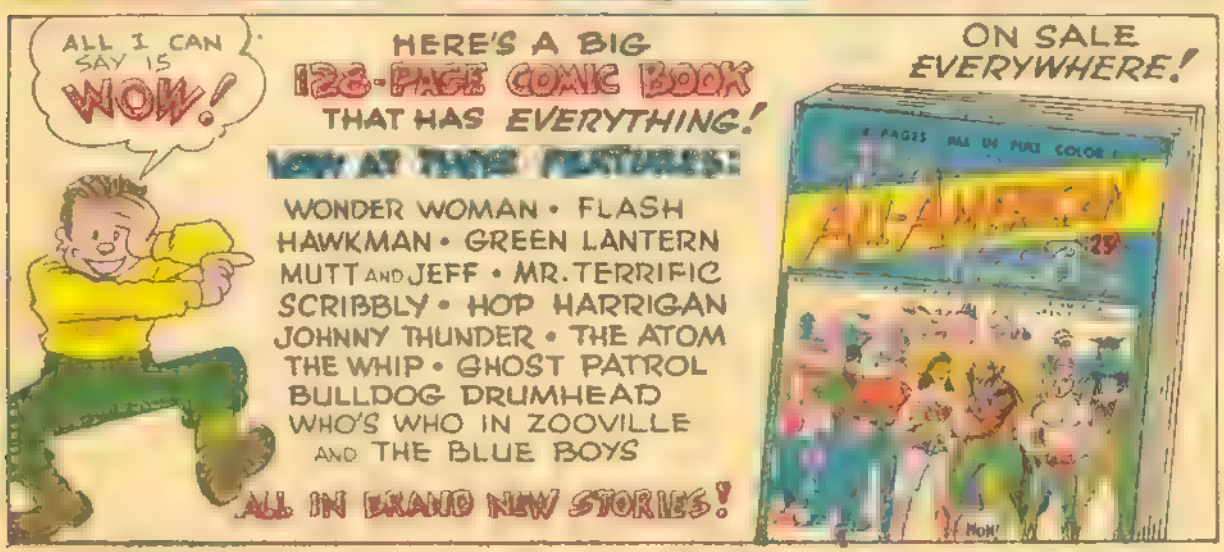

"... BANDITS BROKE INTO DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE... STOLE PAPERS INCRIMINATING MIGGS HORGAN, RACKETEER... POLICE LOST BANDIT CAR IN PARK TRAFFIC AND THE CAR THEY LATER OVERTOOK WAS THAT OF HORACE MANTON, DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S CLOSE FRIEND... POLICE CONTINUED... FAILED TO... HMMM...


SOME MINUTES LATER...
THERE'S THE HORACE MANTON PLACE, BOSS...
I'LL GET OUT HERE
IF MY GUESS IS RIGHT, MR. MANTON'S GARAGE MAY PROVE INTERESTING!
13

BUT AS CONGO BILL SCOUTS THE MANTON ESTATE, ITS OWNER RECEIVES A PHONE CALL....
YEAH, MR MANTON. AFTER THAT PARK BUSINESS HE WENT TO THE ZENITH BUILDING, CAME OUT IN FOUR HOURS. AN' GAVE A CABBY YOUR ADDRESS!
YOU SAY CONGO BILL IS COMING HERE?
MEANWHILE...
MORE MUD PRINTS THIS BACKS MY HUNCH THAT MANTON'S WAS REALLY THE ROBBERY CAR THAT NIGHT!
AND WHEN THE POLICE OVERHAULED IT, THE INCRIMINATING PAPERS HAD ALREADY BEEN DUMPED IN THE LAKE! NOW, WITH THE LAKE BEING DRAINED, THERE WAS DANGER OF THE PAPERS BEING FOUND, SO—
SUDDENLY..
GOOD T'ING DA BOSS HAD US ON DA LOOKOUT, EH?
MM!
MOMENTS LATER..
WE MUST HURRY AND DISPOSE OF HIM--OUR SAFETY IS AT STAKE, HORGAN!
JESS LEAVE IT TO THE BOYS, MANTON--THEY'RE GETTIN' A WEIGHT READY DOWN AT THE SPEED BOAT!
I WAS RIGHT--HORACE MANTON AND MEGGS HORGAN!
WE DUMP HIM IN THE BAY, AN' OUR TROUBLES ARE OVER--SLICK, EH?
YES, YES, BUT IT WAS A CLOSE CALL I DON'T SEE HOW HE CAUGHT ON!
GOT ANY LAST WOIDS, WISE GUY? OR ARE YUH SCARED TO TALK?
HE'S SAVIN' HIS BREATH FOR A CHAT WIT' DAVEY JONES!

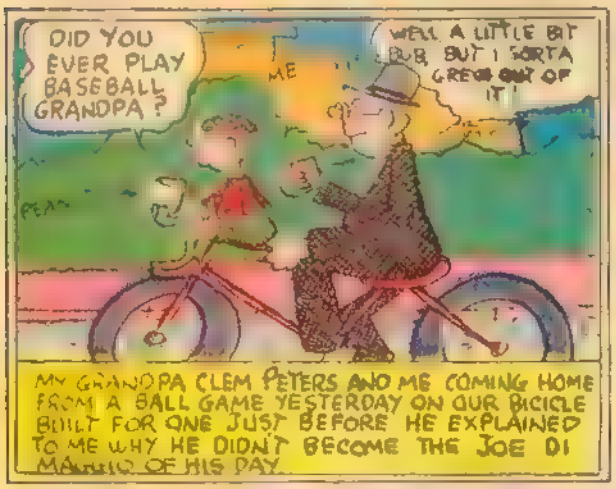
WEIGHTIN' HIM BY DA WRIST-ROPES MAKES HIM DIVE RIGHT PRETTY, DON'T T?
SO LONG, CONGO BILL--FER KEEPS'
YOU MEAN "AU REVOIR" --LOOK THAT EXPRESSION UP, PAL.'
THEN, AS THE PRICELESS SECONDS PASS..!
THE FOOLS' HAVING TWO WIRES FROM MY WRIST ROPES WILL LET ME SPIN THE WEIGHT AND SNAP THE WIRES... IF MY BREATH HOLDS.'
IT WORKED I CAN MAKE SHORE ON MY BACK, AND A SHARP ROCK WILL CUT MY ROPES.' AIR-- I NEED AIR'
SNAP!
SOMETIME LATER, IN THE MANTON DRAWING ROOM...
WELL, OUR BUSINESS IS ALL SETTLED-- WHAT ABOUT THESE RESCUED PAPERS, HORGAN?
WE SHOULDA SENT 'EM TO THE BOTTOM, WITH CONGO BILL-- THEY'D BE BURIED FOR GOOD, THEN'
ABRUPTLY...'
DON'T BE SO SURE, HORGAN-- I MIGHT HAVE BROUGHT THEM BACK WITH ME'
WHAT? GET HIM, YOU BUNGLERS.'
A G-GHOST'
WHILE YOU'RE GETTING YOUR WIND BACK, YOU'LL KNOW HOW IT FEELS ON THE OCEAN FLOOR, HORGAN.'
OOF!
YOW. ME KNEES IS NUMB'
UNK!

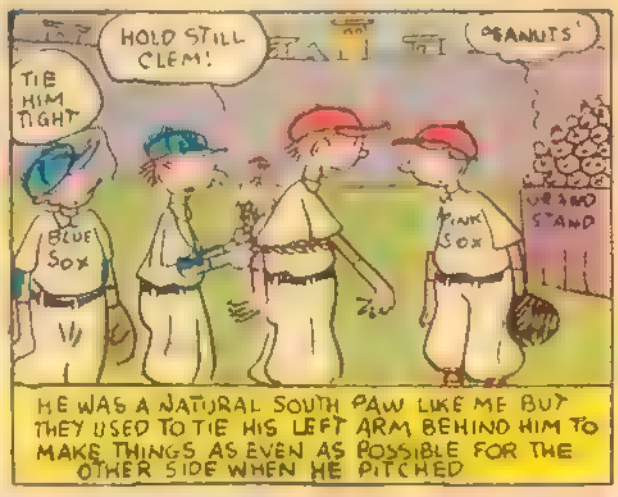

AND THAT, MY SORRY-FEATHERED FRENDS, S THAT
CHIK!
SORRY TO MEDDLE THIS WAY WITH GOOFS OUT ON THEIR FEET--BUT IT'LL KEEP YOU OUT OF MISCHIEF!
AND NOW, MANTON, CALL THE POLICE--AND THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY, WHOSE FRIENDSHIP YOU MISUSED TO PROTECT YOUR RACKETEERS, HORGAN AND COMPANY
I-I'LL C-CALL!
LATER WHEN THE POLICE HAVE HUSTLED THE GANGSTERS OFF TO JAIL...
AND HERE, MISTER DISTRICT ATTORNEY, ARE THOSE PAPERS INCRIMINATING HORGAN AND MANTON--BURIED TEN MONTHS IN THE PARK LAKE
I CAN'T GET OVER HORACE MANTON'S BEING THE REAL LEADER--AND USING MY FRIENDSHIP TO LEARN MY MOVES!
SOME VACATION--FOUR O'CLOCK ALREADY... GUESS I'VE WORKED UP THAT APPETITE FOR BREAKFAST!
10

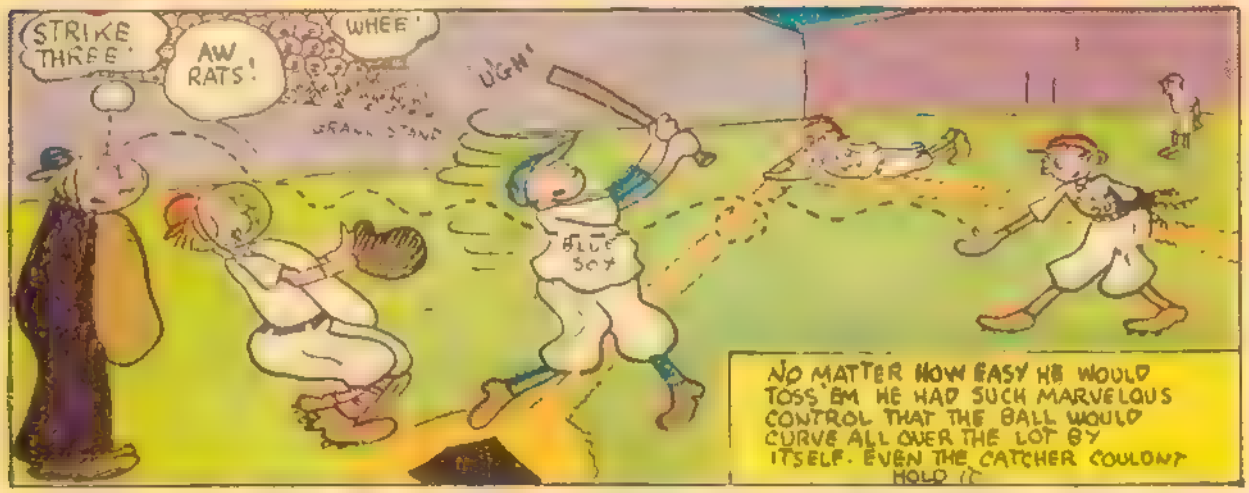


ALL I CAN SAY IS WOW!
HERE'S A BIG 128-PAGE COMIC BOOK THAT HAS EVERYTHING!
LOOK AT THESE FEATURES:
WONDER WOMAN • FLASH
HAWKMAN • GREEN LANTERN
MUTT AND JEFF • MR. TERRIFIC
SCRIBBLY • HOP HARRIGAN
JOHNNY THUNDER • THE ATOM
THE WHIP • GHOST PATROL
BULLDOG DRUMHEAD
WHO'S WHO IN ZOOVILLE
AND THE BLUE BOYS
ALL IN BRAND NEW STORIES!
ON SALE EVERYWHERE!
128 PAGES ALL IN FULL COLOR
ALL-AMERICAN
25¢

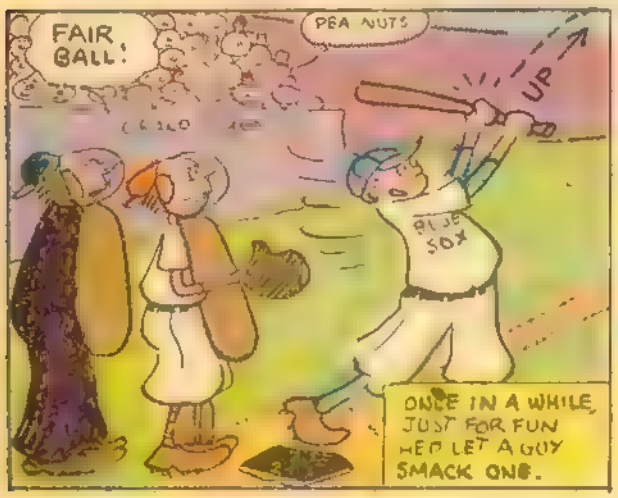
VOLTO FROM MARS
GEE, PROFESSOR, WHAT IS IT?
LOOKS LIKE A BIG SOAP BUBBLE! AND IT'S GOING TO LAND RIGHT HERE!
I'M VOLTO FROM MARS, AND I'M HUNGRY! DO YOU HAVE CEREAL GRAINS HERE ON EARTH?
LOOK! THE BUBBLE EXPLODED!
YOU SEE, ON MARS, CEREALS NOT ONLY NOURISH US, BUT RECHARGE OUR MAGNETISM!
JUST TRY THIS CEREAL! EVERYONE DOWN HERE GOES FOR IT!
SAY, THIS IS THE BEST I EVER TASTED! WHAT DO YOU CALL IT?
IT'S CALLED GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES!
THAT DID IT! MY MAGNETISM IS COMPLETELY RECHARGED!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY MAGNETISM?
PERHAPS I CAN SHOW YOU! IS THAT A DANGEROUS ANIMAL?
YES! RUN! IT'S A MOUNTAIN LION!
OH NO! WHEN I SAY 'VOLTO', MY MAGNETIC LEFT HAND REPELS!
VOLTO
AND MY MAGNETIC RIGHT HAND ATTRACTS! DO YOU UNDERSTAND NOW?
AMAZING!
IT WON'T MAKE YOU MAGNETIC, BUT YOU'LL AGREE WITH VOLTO — GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES IS THE SWELLEST CEREAL YOU EVER TASTED! GET A PACKAGE TODAY!
COLR. 044 GENERAL FOODS CORP.

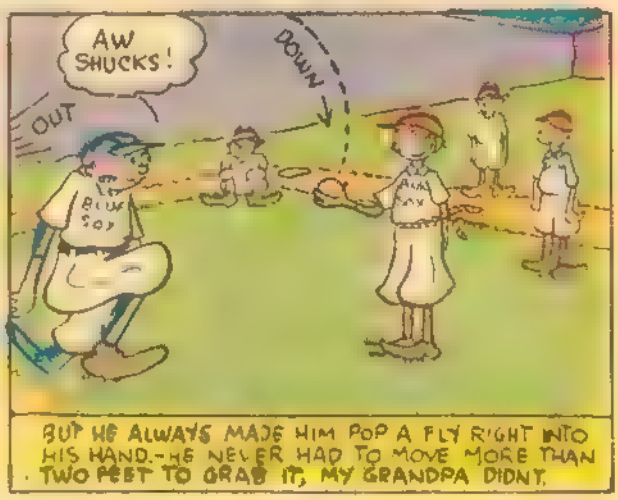
# GRANDPA PETERS


DID YOU EVER PLAY BASEBALL GRANDPA?
WELL A LITTLE BIT BUB, BUT I SORTA GREW OUT OF IT!
ME
MY GRANDPA CLEM PETERS AND ME COMING HOME FROM A BALL GAME YESTERDAY ON OUR BICICLE BUILT FOR ONE JUST BEFORE HE EXPLAINED TO ME WHY HE DIDN'T BECOME THE JOE DI MAGGIO OF HIS DAY.


HOLD STILL CLEM!
TIE HIM TIGHT
PEANUTS
BLUE SOX
HE WAS A NATURAL SOUTH PAW LIKE ME BUT THEY USED TO TIE HIS LEFT ARM BEHIND HIM TO MAKE THINGS AS EVEN AS POSSIBLE FOR THE OTHER SIDE WHEN HE PITCHED


STRIKE THREE
AW RATS!
WHEE
UGH
BLUE SOX
NO MATTER HOW EASY HE WOULD TOSS 'EM HE HAD SUCH MARVELOUS CONTROL THAT THE BALL WOULD CURVE ALL OVER THE LOT BY ITSELF. EVEN THE CATCHER COULDN'T HOLD IT

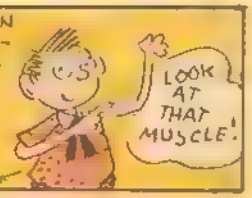


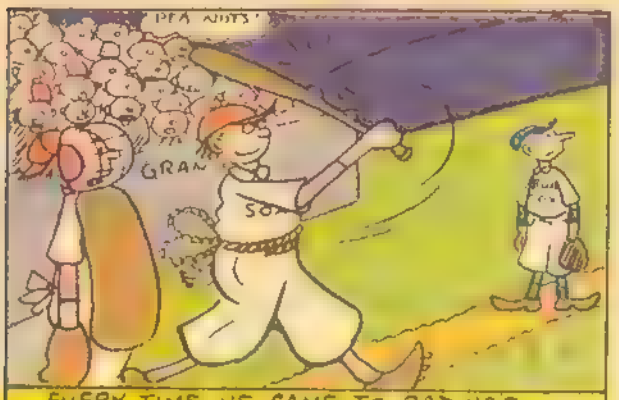


AW SHUCKS!
DOWN
OUT
BLUE SOX
BUT HE ALWAYS MADE HIM POP A FLY RIGHT INTO HIS HAND.-HE NEVER HAD TO MOVE MORE THAN TWO FEET TO GRAB IT, MY GRANDPA DIDN'T.

# BY LEFTY O'GRADY

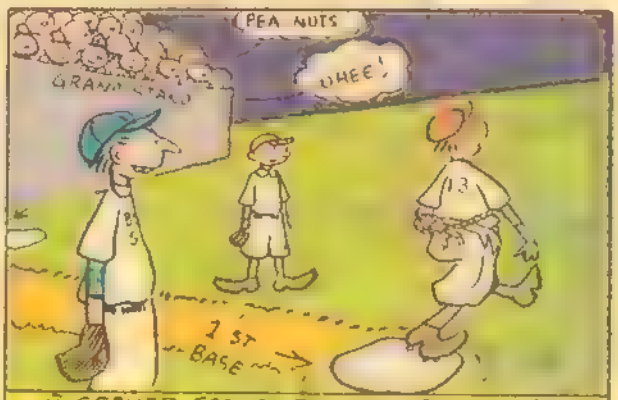
CHAMPION NINE AND SEVEN EIGHTS YEARS OLD LIGHT-WEIGHT SOUTH PAW WRITER AND ARTIST OF 313 ELM ST.

COMMAS, PERIODS AND SPELLING BY TOM McNAMARA

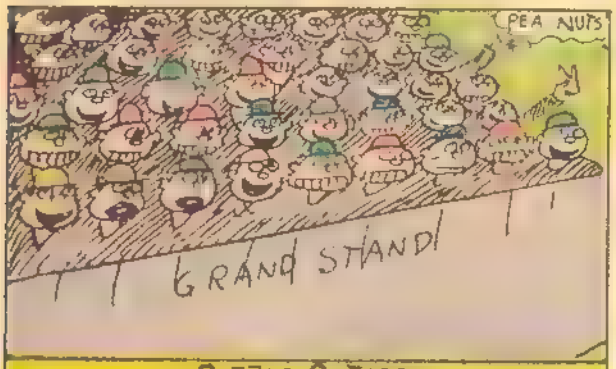



EVERY TIME HE CAME TO BAT HE'D KNOCK THE BALL OVER THE FENCE FOR A HOME RUN.- IT GOT MOTONOUS



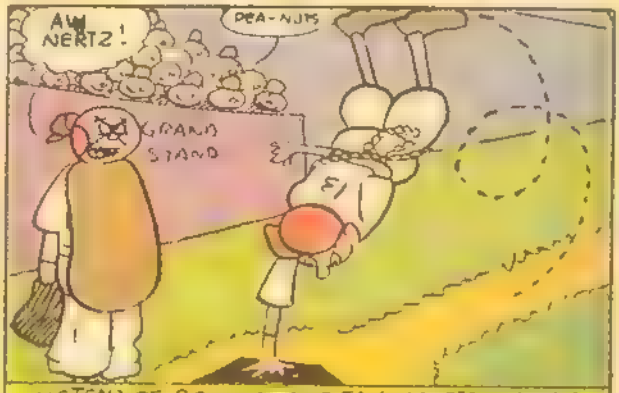

IT SEEMED FOOLISH FOR HIM TO RUN AROUND THE BASES WHEN THERE WAS NO CHANCE OF GETTING TAGGED OUT SO HE'D JUST STROLL AROUND LIKE THIS.




— PUZZLE PICTURE —

FIND THE BLUE SOX ROOTERS

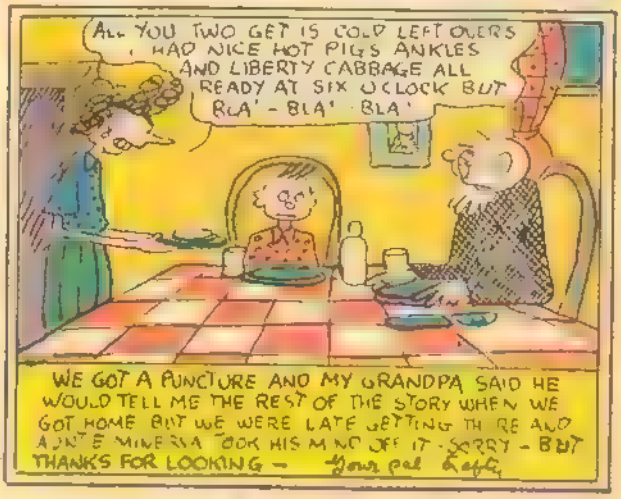
YOU WIN!




INSTEAD OF BOWING AND TAKING OFF HIS CAP TO THE GRANDSTAND HE'D ALWAYS TURN A COUPLE OF FLIP FLOPS JUST BEFORE HE REACHED HOME AND TAG THE PLATE LIKE THIS.

HECK!- I CANT WEAR THIS UNIFORM - ITS TOO SMALL AND I DONT WANT TO GET MEASURED FOR ANOTHER ONE,- ITS TOO MUCH TROUBLE!
CLUB HOUSE
PINK SOX
PINK SOX

TURNING THOSE FLIP FLOPS AT HOME PLATE WAS ABOUT ALL THE REAL EXCERCISE HE EVER GOT OUT OF A GAME AND SO HE STARTED TO PUT ON WEIGHT, — AND




WE GOT A PUNCTURE AND MY GRANDPA SAID HE WOULD TELL ME THE REST OF THE STORY WHEN WE GOT HOME BUT WE WERE LATE GETTING THERE AND AUNTIE MINERVA TOOK HIS MIND OFF IT - SORRY - BUT THANKS FOR LOOKING — Your pal Lefty

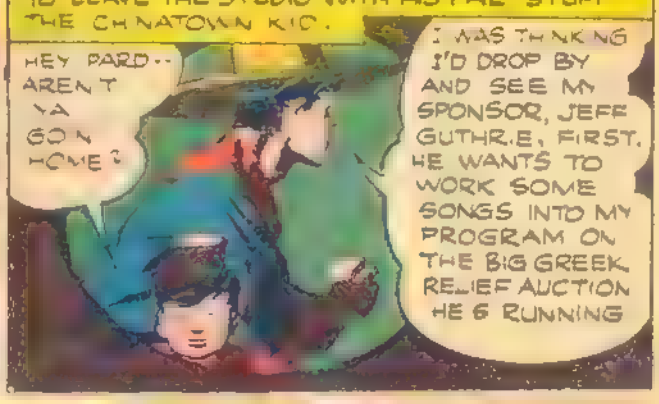
VIGILANTE
OUT OF THE TINY NATION OF GREECE, BRAVE PATRIOTS SMUGGLE A FORTUNE IN JEWELS, TO BE SOLD FOR FUNDS TO ENABLE OTHERS TO CARRY ON THEIR COURAGEOUS STRUGGLE OF LIBERATION! BUT A CLEVER COUP CLIPS THE GLITTERING GEMS FROM THEIR GULLIBLE GUARDIAN AND PUTS A BLIGHT ON A PAGEANT OF THE PAST... UNTIL THE VIGILANTE AND STUFF, THE CHINATOWN KID, CORRAL THE PHONEY FELON WHOSE GREEK FESTOONINGS MADE HIM...
"THE PILLAGER OF THE PARTHENON!"
BY MORT MORTON

DOES THIS CLASSICAL SCENE MEAN THAT WE ARE BACK IN THE GLORIOUS TIMES OF ANCIENT GREECE? NO READER--WE ARE STILL IN THE PRESENT AND THE SCENE BEFORE US SOME TWENTY MILES DISTANT FROM A LARGE AMERICAN METROPOLIS
LET'S SEE, NOW--
--AND THIS IS JAKE SPENCER, A REPORTER
--SARANTAKI'S OFFICE SHOULD BE JUST INSIDE. A WONDERFUL JOB THEY DID HERE. LOOKS ALMOST LIKE THE REAL THING.
MR SARANTAKI, I PRESUME? MY PAPER WOULD LIKE AN ADVANCE STORY ON THE PAGEANT
COME IN MR. SPENCER
SAM SARANTAKI
HELLENIC ASSOCIATION
PRIVATE
IN ADDITION I'D LIKE TO KNOW MORE ABOUT THE AUCTIONING OF THE JEWELS THAT ONE OF YOUR COUNTRYMEN SMUGGLED OUT OF OCCUPIED GREECE
SORRY-I'M ONLY THE DIRECTOR--
BUT MR JEFFERSON GUTHRIE OUR SPONSOR AND BACKER CAN TELL YOU EVERYTHING. YOU SEE THE JEWELS ARE IN HIS HANDS---
THANKS. I'LL GO SEE HIM--
SOME TIME LATER, IN THE MAGNIFICENT TOWN-HOUSE OF JEFFERSON GUTHRIE, NOTED PHILANTHROPIST...
YOU SEE, MR. SPENCER, MY MOTHER WAS A GREEK. WHICH IS ADDED REASON FOR MY INTEREST. I EVEN HAD THE PARTHENON RECONSTRUCTED FOR THE SALE FROM WHICH WE SHOULD REALIZE WELL ABOVE A MILLION DOLLARS.
BUT YOU CAN'T TAKE A CHANCE ON LETTING ME PHOTOGRAPH THE JEWELS, EH?
NO, I'M SORRY. WE MUST TAKE PRECAUTIONS YOU SEE--EH? WHAT WAS THAT?
IT SOUNDED LIKE THE DOOR CRASHING IN.

ALL RIGHT GUTHRIE-- WE WANT THAT COMBINATION ! THIS IS A STICK-UP .
YOU FOOLS YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS ! DON'T YOU REALIZE THE WHOLE PLACE IS WIRED AND THE POLICE WILL BE HERE IN TWO MINUTES !

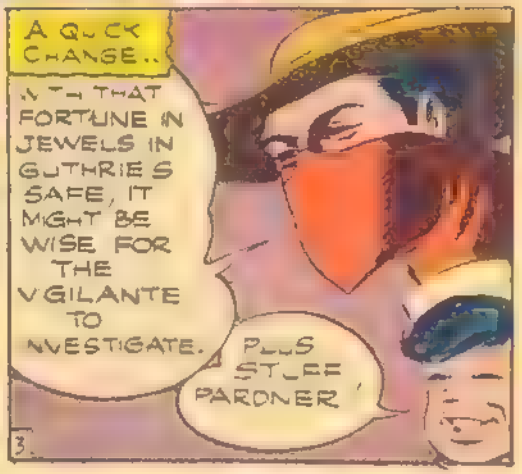
SURE, WE KNOW T AN THE ELECTRICIAN THAT DONE THE JOB WUZ ONE OF OUR BOYS SO, YOU SEE WE AIN T EXPECTIN' NO COPS NOW COME ACROSS WID DAT COMBINATION
YOU CAN KILL ME BUT YOU'LL NEVER GET IT

MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY, A BROADCAST COMES TO AN END AND GREG SAUNDERS, THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR, PREPARES TO LEAVE THE STUDIO WITH HIS PAL STUFF THE CHINATOWN KID.


HEY PARD-- AREN T YA GOIN HOME ?
I WAS THINKING I'D DROP BY AND SEE MY SPONSOR, JEFF GUTHRIE, FIRST. HE WANTS TO WORK SOME SONGS INTO MY PROGRAM ON THE BIG GREEK RELIEF AUCTION HE'S RUNNING

AND SO FATE BRINGS THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR AND STUFF TO JEFF GUTHRIE'S PALATIAL HOME AT A VERY PROPITIOUS MOMENT

A QUICK CHANGE..



I WISH THEY'D HURRY UP AN GET TROUGH INSIDE! IT'S SO QUIET OUT HERE IT GIVES ME THE CREEPS!
ULP!
THE VIGILANTE!... I'M A COOKED GOOSE!
ONE YELP OUT OF YUH, AND YOU'RE A DEAD PIGEON!
AND INSIDE THE HOUSE.
NOW, MAYBE WE'LL SEE IF YOU WON'T GIVE US DAT COMBINATION!
NOT IN A THOUSAND YEARS! IF THOSE GREEK GUERRILLAS ON THE OTHER SIDE CAN STAND NAZI TORTURES, I CAN TAKE ANYTHING YOU CAN GIVE!
SUDDENLY...!
NO..! MUST BE DREAMIN
VIGILANTE!
CRASH!
HERE'S A PERFECT MATCH FOR YOU-- MY FIST AND YOUR FACE.

PARDON ME WHILE I KNOCK THE STUFFINS OUTA YOU.
OOF!
WE'LL ROUND YA UP WHEN WE'VE GOT MORE TIME
HERE--I'LL HAVE YOU LOOSE IN A SECOND
WHAT A STORY
IT'S A MIGHTY LUCKY THING YOU CAME ALONG WHEN YOU DID, VIGILANTE.
BUT THOSE JEWELS WON'T BE SAFE UNTIL THOSE RATS ARE BEHIND BARS.
VIGILANTE, I'VE HEARD TALES OF YOU, BUT NEVER BEFORE HAVE I SEEN IT WITH MY OWN EYES. SAY--HOW ABOUT GIVING ME AN INTERVIEW TOMORROW?
OKAY--I'LL CALL YOU TOMORROW MORNING AND ARRANGE THE TIME
I'VE GOT TO PROTECT MY IDENTITY, SO I'LL MEET THAT REPORTER AT YOUR PLACE TOMORROW STUFF. BUT RIGHT NOW I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHERE THOSE CROOKS ARE HANGING OUT
I DON'T THINK THEY'LL TRY TACKLING THOSE JEWELS AGAIN
BUT STUFF IS MISTAKEN, FOR IN A DINGY ROOM NOT MANY BLOCKS DISTANT, AN IMPORTANT CONFERENCE IS TAKING PLACE...
AND I THOUGHT I HAD A PERFECT SET-UP WHEN I TURNED THOSE JEWELS OVER TO GUTHRIE FOR SAFE-KEEPING. NO ONE COULD POSSIBLY SUSPECT ME OF BEING BEHIND THE HOLD-UP, BUT I DIDN'T FIGURE ON GUTHRIE'S COURAGE..
BETWEEN HIS STUBBORNNESS AND THE VIGILANTE'S FISTS, WE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE!
WHAT'S THIS? THE HEAD OF THE GREEK RECONSTRUCTION ASSOCIATION BEHIND THE ATTEMPTED JEWEL ROBBERY?
BUT WE DON'T HAVE TO GIVE UP HOPE YET. THAT REPORTER GIVES ME AN IDEA. HE DOESN'T KNOW IT YET BUT HE'S GOING TO HELP US GET THAT SAFE OPEN AND GET THOSE JEWELS. NOW, LISTEN...

IN STUFFS ROOM THE FOLLOWING DAY --
SPENCER SHOULD HAVE BEEN HERE HALF AN HOUR AGO. SOMETHING MUST HAVE HAPPENED TO HIM.
MAYBE HE WAS DETAINED BY A MAN BITING A DOG --
BUT AT THAT VERY MOMENT, AT THE HOME OF JEFFERSON GUTHRIE --
MR. GUTHRIE! MR. GUTHRIE! OPEN UP! IT'S SPENCER!
KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK
WE JUST GOT A TIP DOWN AT THE OFFICE THAT THE JEWELS WERE STOLEN! SO I HOT-FOOTED IT OVER HERE TO -- .
STOLEN! WHY THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE! THEY'RE IN THE SAFE!
HERE -- YOU CAN SEE FOR YOURSELF!
THEY'RE HERE ALL RIGHT!
BUT WAIT! CAN THIS BE JAKE SPENCER, ACE REPORTER, A MAN WHOSE INTEGRITY HAS NEVER BEEN QUESTIONED?
THAT'S ALL WE WANT TO KNOW! QUICK -- GRAB THE STUFF AN' LET'S GET GOIN'!
BUT JEFF GUTHRIE IS NOT THE ONLY ONE TO BE STUNNED BY THE REPORTER'S UNACCOUNTABLE CONNIVANCE IN CRIME, FOR, AS THE NEWS COMES OVER THE RADIO A SHORT TIME LATER --
-- AND THE ENTIRE NEWSPAPER WORLD IS SHOCKED BY THE CRIME. A POLICE DRAGNET IS COMBING THE CITY FOR JAKE SPENCER AND HIS HENCHMEN...
SO -- THAT'S WHY HE COULDN'T KEEP HIS APPOINTMENT WITH ME! BUT I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE HE DID IT!
6

I'VE GOT TO SEE GUTHRIE AND FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT. SAY-- DIDN'T THAT SOUND LIKE A SHOT!
IT WAS A SHOT! C'MON, VIG-- AROUND THE CORNER!
THEY'RE SHOOTING AT THAT POOR DEVIL!
QUICK-- WE'VE GOT TO SAVE HIM!
BANG! BANG!
THEY'VE STOPPED SHOOTING! THE CAR IS GETTING AWAY!
VIGILANTE! IT'S YOU!
HUH! IT'S JAKE SPENCER!
BY THE GREAT HORN SPOON!
THAT ROBBERY-- I DIDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO (GASP) WITH IT--
THOSE CROOKS (GASP) CAME TO MY ROOM. HELD GUN ON ME ALL THE TIME-- FORCED ME TO GO TO GUTHRIE'S WITH PHONEY STORY-- WHEN HE OPENED SAFE, THEY STOLE JEWELS. THEY HAD GUN (GASP) IN MY BACK ALL THE TIME!
WHERE DID THEY TAKE YOU?
I WAS BLINDFOLDED ALL THE TIME. THEY HAD ME IN A PLACE WHERE THERE SEEMED TO BE SOUNDS OF CONSTRUCTION GOING ON, AND I HEARD ONE OF THEM SAY TO TAKE ME OUT AND GET RID OF ME AND BE BACK IN A HALF-HOUR AT NINE-THIRTY. LUCKILY-- I MANAGED TO MAKE A BREAK!
THEN THEY LEFT AT NINE!
IT'S NINE-TWENTY NOW. IF WE ONLY KNEW HOW FAST THEY WERE TRAVELLING, WE COULD AT LEAST FIGURE OUT HOW FAR AWAY THE HIDEOUT IS.
THEY COULDN'T HAVE GONE MORE THAN THIRTY-FIVE BECAUSE THEY USED MY CAR AND THERE'S A GOVERNOR ON IT TO SAVE GAS AND RUBBER...

IF THEY D.D 35, THE H DEOUT S ABOUT FIFTEEN MILES FROM HERE. SO WHAT?
WAIT A MINUTE! MAYBE I'M CRAZY, BUT THE ONLY CONSTRUCTION I KNOW OF FIFTEEN MILES FROM TOWN IS THE GREEK PAVILION!
THAT GREEK PAVILION TIES IN SOMEHOW. IF THE CROOKS KNEW ABOJT THOSE JEWELS, THEY MUST HAVE HAD SOME CONNECTION WITH THE PAVILION. WE'LL HEAD OUT THERE...
WE'VE GOT TO WARN SARANTAKI THAT THOSE CROOKS ARE USING THE PAVILION AS A HIDEOUT!
FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER...
WE'LL SEE IF SARANTAKI IS IN HIS OFFICE, ANYWAY.
EVERYTHING LOOKS PEACEFUL ENOUGH HERE...
MR SARANTAKI·· PARDON THIS NTRUSION BUT I'VE REASON TO BELIEVE THERE MIGHT BE A GANG OF CROOKS HIDING SOMEWHERE ON THE GROUNDS!
THE SAME VARMINTS THAT MADE OFF WITH THE JEWELS!
WHAT! I'LL SUMMON THE GUARDS AT ONCE!
ALL RIGHT BOYS·· LET 'EM HAVE IT!
IT'S A TRAP!
BOO!
8

WHATTA WE GONNA DO WID 'EM, BOSS ?
NO TIME TO GET RID OF THEM NOW! GUTHRIE AND SOME OTHER COMMITTEE MEMBERS ARE ARRIVING ANY MINUTE TO PLAN A POSTPONEMENT OF THE AUCTION BECAUSE OF THE ROBBERY--
TIE THEM SECURELY AND LEAVE THEM IN HERE FOR THE TIME BEING I'LL MEET GUTHRIE AND THE OTHERS OUTSIDE. AFTERWARDS WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THESE MEDDLERS.
SOME TIME LATER, AS CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNS TO THE DAZED DUO...
VIC--ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? WHAT ARE YA STARIN' AT?
THAT CIGARETTE LIGHTER--IF I CAN ONLY REACH IT!
HURRY--THEY MAY WALK IN ANY MINUTE!
THERE--THAT DOES IT!
JUST A FEW SECONDS MORE AND OUR PHONEY FRIEND, MR. SARANTAKI, IS GOING TO HAVE THE SURPRISE OF HIS LIFE!
MEANWHILE, ON THE STEPS OF THE RECONSTRUCTED PARTHENON...
AH-- MY POOR COUNTRYMEN. GOOD-BYE MR. GUTHRIE
TRY TO KEEP THINGS GOING AT THIS END, SARANTAKI. I'LL NOTIFY YOU AS SOON AS WE GET WORD OF THE JEWELS.
9

NOW THAT GUTHRIE IS GONE, WE CAN GET RID OF OUR FRIENDS INSIDE-- HUH.'
VIGILANTE.' HE'S LOOSE.'
CORRECT.' AND THERE'S GOING TO BE A ROMAN HOLIDAY AT THE GREEK PAVILION.'
OW!
HERE'S WHERE I ADD SOMETHING TO THE RUINS OF ANTIQUITY.'
NOW'S MY CHANCE TO PICK THEM BOTH OFF BEFORE THEY CAN GET TO ME, THE FOOLS.'
BUT SUDDENLY...
HEY!
ALL RIGHT, SARANTAKI-- NOW, WHAT ABOUT THOSE JEWELS.'
THEY'RE IN THE SAFE IN MY OFFICE! I FIGURED NO ONE'D EVER DREAM OF LOOKING FOR THEM THERE.'
DAYS LATER--
WELL, JAKE SPENCER UNCOVERED THE TRUTH ABOUT SARANTAKI.' HE WASN'T A GREEK.' HE LEARNED HIS GREEK FROM A CELL-MATE IN AN AMERICAN PRISON AND LATER WORKED AS A CONFIDENCE MAN AMONG THE GREEK COLONY HERE.'
BY THE TIME HE GETS OUT OF JAIL THIS TIME, HE WON'T HAVE ANY CONFIDENCE LEFT.'

CASEY
THE COP
T-S SOUNDS SWELL!
BOOM
BOOM
CASEY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING POUNDING THAT DRUM ??
I LOST MY TRAFFIC WHISTLE - AND THIS IS THE ONLY THING I HAD AT HOME THAT MAKES NOISE

# SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

THANKSGIVING DAY IS HERE—AND WE HAVE A LOT TO BE THANKFUL FOR IN THESE DAYS OF APPROACHING VICTORY OVER THE FASCIST POWERS. MEMBERS OF **SUPERMEN OF AMERICA** CAN BEST EXPRESS THEIR THANKS BY INVESTING IN WAR BONDS AND STAMPS TO INSURE THAT FREEDOM FOR WHICH WE ARE FIGHTING. IF YOU ARE NOT YET A MEMBER, JOIN NOW AND BECOME ONE OF THE MANY THOUSANDS WHO HAVE PLEDGED TO UPHOLD THE CAUSE OF JUSTICE AND FAIR PLAY.

## SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Mars No. 3)

WKH ZDU LV QRW RYHU BHW. GR WZLFH DV PXFK IRU YLFWRUB WZLFH DV VRRQ.

SUPERMAN, JAN.
c/o ACTION COMICS,
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

*Dear Superman:*

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Emblem and Superman Code.

NAME..... AGE.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY AND STATE.....

# ESCAPE BY NIGHT

## by Jesse Merlan

HE hadn't meant to shoot that attendant back at the filling station. That was the second murder tonight. He had to get away now. His foot stamped down heavily on the gas pedal. The car streaked through the black night, the long fingers of its headlights pointing the way to escape and freedom for the killer behind the wheel.

"Crack" Jerson hadn't expected to be fleeing along dark roads. But he was a hunted murderer. All because things hadn't gone according to plan. He was just a very good safecracker. He wasn't used to shooting people. All that nasty business with a blazing gun tonight had set him on edge. He was nervous.

Suddenly, the car screeched around an unexpected, looping curve, sliding way over to the side of the road. Jerson twisted desperately at the wheel, almost forgetting all the bad breaks he'd had tonight. The powerful car screeched like a wild beast, its tires groaning. Then it righted itself and plunged ahead again down the center of the ribbon of concrete. Rushing away from two murders, racing to the city and freedom. A light rain was beginning to fall. Something else he hadn't figured on Jerson swore under his breath. This rain would slow up his escape. And he had to watch the skidding tires. He mustn't crash off the road

Jerson thought back to the events of the last few hours His original plan had been only to lift a few extra emeralds from the safe in the rich Van Dloon country mansion. He'd worked everything out, in his usual careful way. After a week of "casing" the big house, of checking on the servants, of knowing exactly when the safe would be unprotected and when the Van Dloons would be out —all those careful details, and it had ended in a murder. Robbing a safe was one thing, but killing was something else again. The reward for that was a hangman's rope, an electric chair, a one-way ticket to death.

Jerson remembered how carefully he'd climbed the wooden framework on the Van Dloon porch. First, getting over the outer iron gate had been easy. Just a mere matter of climbing nimbly up into a tree and then dropping lithely down on the other side, inside the bars. He'd done it silently, too, his burglar and safe-cracking kit not even letting out a jingle. Because he always packed its tools with sound-absorbing felt. Just one of the details that made him a master safe-cracker.

From the porch, he'd broken into the house itself by neatly cutting out a square of window glass and then easing the window frame open. Once in the dark room, he'd gone confidently to work. Over there on the far wall had been the hidden safe, cleverly concealed behind a row of tall books. Crack Jerson had lifted the volumes down, then had twirled the safe dial experimentally. The tumblers had clicked and clattered and slid one over the other He tried again and again. All sorts of different numbers. But with no success. Neither his sensitive fingers nor his burglar-trained ears could catch the secret of the safe's combination. For almost an hour he sweated beside that safe while the proper series of numbers escaped him.

At last he'd decided to use force. Not as slick a job as he had hoped to do, but his little emergency safe-opener couldn't fail. From his bag Jerson had taken tough tubings of hard blue steel that fitted solidly together till they made a long crowbar. One end of this was sharpened to a knife-blade hardness and keenness. This tip he'd inserted under the thin slit where the one square safe door fitted into the bulkier body of the walled safe. He'd forced it further in, further. Then he'd leaned his whole weight on the free end, slowly increasing the pressure.

It had been just like jacking up a car with a long iron rod. The safe had resisted with a few metal groanings, but at the last push it had snapped open like a flying tin cap from a spouting bottle of soda pop when one applies the bottle opener

But it had made too much noise. Even as Crack Jerson was reaching into the safe's narrow opening for the jewels he knew were there, he'd heard the butler downstairs coming up to investigate the crash. The old fool must have gotten home early. While with one hand Crack Jerson stuffed trinkets and gems into his bag, he'd felt for his gun with the other.

Not that Jerson liked to carry a gun. He was really afraid of them. But it came in handy sometimes. To scare people with, not to really shoot them. But this old butler hadn't scared so easily He'd come rushing into the room and he'd snapped on the light and caught the safe-cracker, caught him by surprise Then, not only had he started to yell, but he'd run at Jerson, wildly swinging a heavy cane There was only one thing Jerson had to do. He'd done it.

The three shots had sounded like three close claps of thunder, the blazing gun had kicked and spouted in Jerson's shaking hand. With a strangled yell, the butler had slid down on the

*(Continued on inside back cover)*

HAYFOOT HENRY
SNIP!
SNIP!
FROM THE QUEER RHYMING TOWN OF SLEEPYSIDE COMES THIS TALE TO MAKE YOU SPLIT YOUR SIDE, OF A RED-HEADED DEAD-BEAT, A LADY FAIR, HENRY THE COP, AND...
"THE HAIR THAT WASN'T THERE!"
WHEN HENRY'S MIND'S ON HIS LEXICON,
HE ACTS JUST LIKE AN AUTOMATON
A PRETTY FACE
A RHYME INTO PLACE..
WHY HENRY THE COP, I'VE BEEN DYING TO MEET YOU! IS IT REALLY TRUE THAT
BUT FIRST I'D LIKE...
IT'S REALLY A CRIME - FOR SO SIMPLE A WORD I CAN'T FIND A RHYME!
ALRIGHT DON'T ANSWER - I WON'T
I JUST HADN'T HEARD YOU COULD
BE SO RUDE!
DEEP THOUGHT!

GRACIOUS GOODNESS! I'M ALL AT SEA! THAT GIRL! I'M SURE SHE SPOKE TO ME!
PARDON ME, MISS, BUT DID YOU SPEAK?
I'VE BEEN ABSENT-MINDED
EEE HEE. DEAR ME WHAT A SURPRISE! WHY, I CAN SCARCELY BELIEVE MY EYES!
FROM WHAT STRANGE DISPARITY COMES THIS SUDDEN HILARITY?
FORGIVE MY MIRTH, BUT I'M REALLY APPALLED TO FIND THE TOWN HERO
THOUGH I'M NEW IN TOWN, I'VE OFTEN HEARD OF YOUR DARING FEATS. BUT YOU LOOK ABSURD- I'M QUITE DISAPPOINTED. I HOPE YOU DONT CARE: A MAN'S SO UNROMANTIC WITHOUT ANY HAIR!
MANY GREAT MEN WITH BALDNESS ARE BLEST, SO REALLY, MISS, I'M NOT DISTRESSED. WHAT RHYMES WITH "PURSUIT?" THAT WORRIES ME MORE THAN COMPARING MY HEAD TO THE KNOB OF A DOOR.
WELL, I'M GLAD YOU'RE NOT SAD.
LATER ON AT HOME HENRY INSPECTS HIS BALD DOME.
WHAT'S WRONG WITH BALDNESS? THERE ARE WORSE ILLS. NO COMBING NO BRUSHING NO HAIR CUTS.
BUT SUDDENLY, THE POLICE RADIO BLARES CALLING HENRY TO PROFESSIONAL CARES
POLICE ARE WARNED TO SHARPLY LOOK FOR DEAD-BEAT DAN, NOTORIOUS CROOK, LAST BELIEVED HEADING FOR SLEEPYSIDE WHERE, RUMOR HAS IT, HE HOPES TO HIDE. EASILY KNOWN BY HIS BRIGHT RED HAIR, WHEN HIS HAT'S REMOVED-- WHICH IS VERY RARE!

DEAD-BEAT DAN! HE'S GOT TO BE STOPPED, BEFORE HALF THE JEWELS IN TOWN ARE COPPED!
PUFF
PUFF
BUT WHERE AM I GOING? I HAVEN'T A PLAN. RED HAIR'S NOT ENOUGH TO SPOT DEAD-BEAT DAN. I CAN'T GO AROUND RAISING PEOPL TO FIND A RED-HEAD. THEY'LL THINK
?! !?
WORRY, WORRY! IF I JUST HAD A CLUE. NOTHING TO GO ON. IT MAKES ME BLUE
HI, THERE, HENRY. WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND? A RHYME? A CRIME? OR BOTH COMBINED?
WHAT RHYMES WITH "PURSUIT?" IF YOU CAN'T SOLVE THAT, HOW WOULD YOU SPOT A RED-HEAD UNDER A HAT?
THE FIRST IS TOUGH, TOO SPECIALIZED. THE SECOND'S SO EASY, I'M SURPRISED.
SEE THAT COUPLE? IT'S EASIER SHOWN THAN SAID. WATCH HOW I LEARN IF THE MAN'S HEAD IS RED.
A PAIR OF SWEETHEARTS. WHY, I'VE SEEN THAT GIRL BEFORE! BUT GO ON, AND I HOPE THE MAN DOESN'T GET TOO SORE!
WHATSA MATTER, CANTCHA SEE?
OOPS PARDON ME!
HOLY SMOKE IT'S JUST A JOKE!
VERY FUNNY! KNOCK OFF EVERY HAT IN TOWN— A GREAT HELP YOU ARE, YOU SILLY CLOWN!
AW, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH A LITTLE FUN? HE SURE WAS NO RED-HEAD. BALD AS A BLN.
3

TO THINK OF IT, THAT'S MIGHTY QUEER! EEMS PRETTY FOND OF THAT GUY FROM HERE!
YODELLING CODFISH--I THINK I KNOW! SO LONG, PAL--I'VE GOT TO BLOW!
ALL RIGHT TOPPER--BUT BEAT THIS RAP WITH A RAP ON THE COCO--GO TAKE A NAP.
LL-DOG, YOU ROTTEN YEGG L HANG ON TO YOUR LEG!
CAN'T STRIKE A WOMAN. I'M TOO WELL BRED. BUT WAIT--I'LL BUMP THEM HEADAGAINST HEAD.

DEAR ME--WE'RE CAUGHT. HOW VERY TRAG C.
BUT HOW DID YOU SPOT ME? WAS IT MAGIC?
I KNEW THAT YOUR GIRL FOUND BALD MEN RISIBLE, BUT WHEN ON YOU NO HAIR WAS V S BLE-
--A CHAIN OF LOGIC LED ME TO BELIEVE YOUR BALDNESS UNREAL. A MERE TRICK TO DECEIVE, FOR WHO WOULD DELIBERATELY MAKE HIS SCALP BARE EXCEPT A CROOK ONLY KNOWN BY HIS HAIR?
YOUR GIRL WAS A STRANGER, SO THEREFORE I KNEW YOU'D BOTH PICKED THIS TOWN FOR A RENDEZVOUS. AHA--THE FALSE SCALP UNCOVERS THE MOP WHICH YOUR GIRL WOULD NEVER ALLOW YOU TO CROP.
AND SO TH UNFAILINGLY ENDS MY PURSU T.
OH, WHY DID YOU INSIST THAT MY HEAD BE HIRSUTE?
!?
EUREKA! I'VE GOT IT! MY RHYME FOR "PURSUIT". IT SIMPLY MEANS HAIRY. THE WORD IS "HIRSUTE."
IF I'D SHAVED OFF MY HAIR AND NOT LISTENED TO YOU I WOULDN'T HAVE ENDED WITH THIS BARRED VIEW!
AS FOR ME, I'D PREFER A HEAD LIKE AN EGG TO SHARING A CELL WITH A RED-HEADED YEGG!
The End
5

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# ZATARA
## THE MASTER MAGICIAN

WHEN A RAGING FIRE WIPES OUT A FOREST THE BLACK AND TWISTED TRUNKS STILL REMAIN TO MARK THE PATH OF DESTRUCTION! BUT IS IT POSSIBLE FOR THOUSANDS OF TREMENDOUS TREES TO VANISH INTO THIN AIR WITHOUT LEAVING EVEN THE SLIGHTEST TRACE? THAT'S THE QUESTION THAT PUZZLES ZATARA THE TOP-HATTED MAN OF MAGIC, AS HE ATTEMPTS TO TRAIL A DISAPPEARING FOREST IN THE GREAT NORTH WOODS... AMID THE CRASHING ROAR OF...

"TUMBLING TIMBER!"

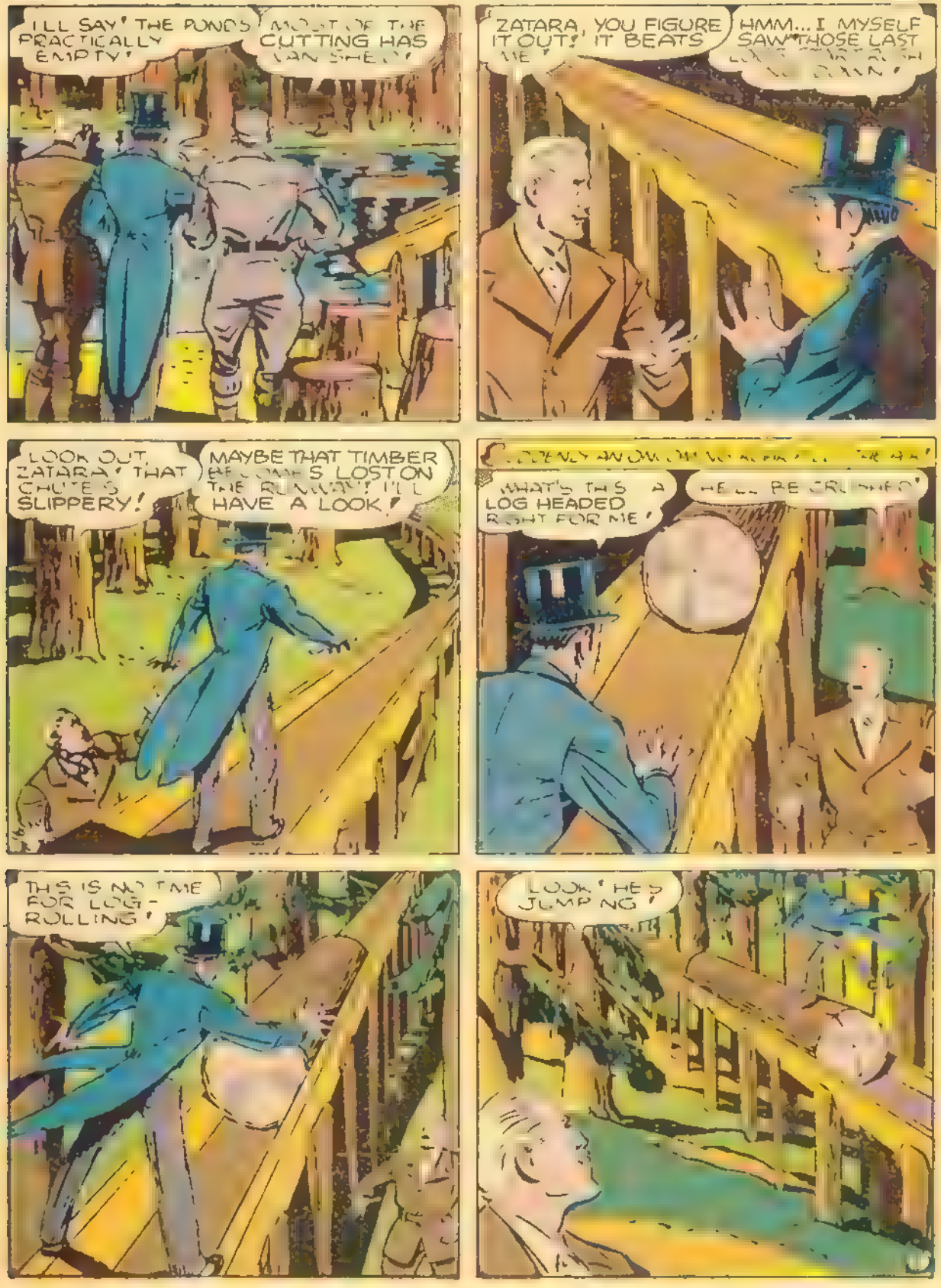
AT THE CAMP OF LUMBERMAN JACK RAND, ALL IS NOT WELL!

...IF THIS WHOLESALE THEFT IS NOT STOPPED SOON, ZATARA, I'LL BE RUINED!

AND AT THE OTHER END OF THE LINE...

YOUR FOREST IS VANISHING BEFORE YOUR EYES, EH? NO TRACE? ALL RIGHT THEN... I'LL FLY UP AND HAVE A LOOK!

THIS PLANE WILL GET ME UP TO THE WOODS IN A HURRY! JACK RAND IS NOT ONE TO CALL HELP WITHOUT GOOD REASON!
AND AFTER A LONG FLIGHT NORTH AND WEST INTO THE SETTING SUN..
LOOK, THAT MUST BE THE PLACE DOWN THERE! RAND SAID THAT THERE WERE TWO CAMPS TOGETHER-- HIS AND ZEB CARTER'S.
I'LL SET THE SHIP DOWN IN THAT CLEARING BELOW THE WOODS.
GLAD YOU GOT HERE SO QUICKY, ZATARA! THIS IS JEFF LUND, MY FOREMAN ... WE'RE BOTH AT OUR WITS ENDS!
SUPPOSE YOU EXPLAIN AS YOU SHOW ME AROUND!
WELL THE MYSTERY BEGAN WHEN WE STARTED TO CLEAR THIS HILLSIDE! WE CUT OUR WAY UP THE HILL AND SEND THE LOGS DOWN THIS CHUTE.
TIMBER-R-R! LAST LOG AWAY!
AT PRESENT THE LOGS TRAVEL ALMOST A MILE DOWN THE CHUTE BEFORE REACHING THE RIVER AND SAWMILL POND THAT OTHER CAMP DOWN THERE IS RUN BY MY NEIGHBOR, ZEB CARTER
TODAY WE HAD A BIG CUTTING. WE'VE SENT OVER 800 LOGS DOWN THE RUNWAY!
BUT SOMEHOW MOST OF THEM NEVER REACH THE POND!
IN FACT, I DIDN'T HEAR THAT LAST LOG SPLASH INTO THE POND! PERHAPS SOMETHING'S HAPPENED AGAIN!
2

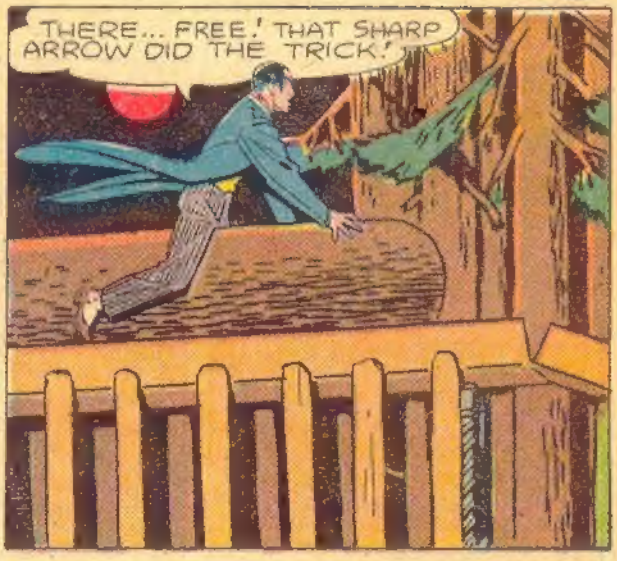

I'LL SAY! THE PONDS PRACTICALLY EMPTY!
MOST OF THE CUTTING HAS BEEN DONE!
ZATARA, YOU FIGURE IT OUT! IT BEATS ME!
HMM... I MYSELF SAW THOSE LAST
LOOK OUT, ZATARA! THAT CHUTE'S SLIPPERY!
MAYBE THAT TIMBER BECAME LOST ON THE RUNWAY! I'LL HAVE A LOOK!
WHAT'S THIS A LOG HEADED RIGHT FOR ME!
HE'LL BE CRUSHED!
THIS IS NO TIME FOR LOG-ROLLING!
LOOK! HE'S JUMPING!

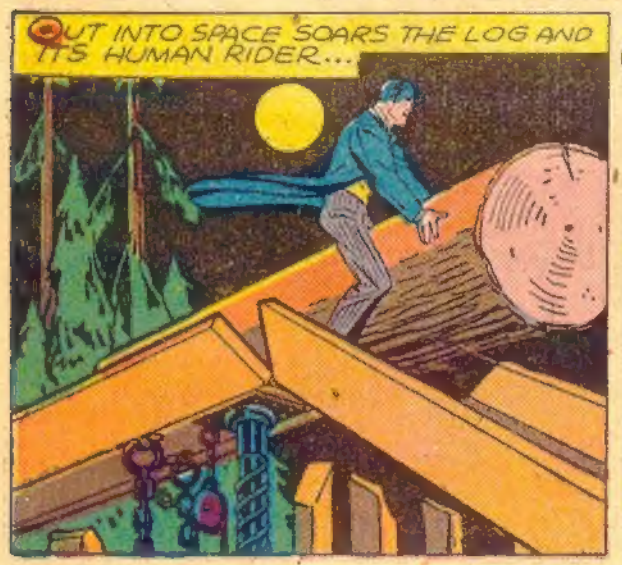
HE MADE IT!
AHEM. THAT WAS CLOSE! THE BED OF PINE NEEDLES MUST HAVE BROKEN HIS FALL!
YOU ALL RIGHT, ZATARA? THAT LOG MUST HAVE BEEN STUCK ON THE CHUTE!
YES I'M ALL RIGHT. BUT I'M GOING TO CLIMB THAT CHUTE AGAIN TO SEE WHAT HAPPENED!
I HAD YOUR NERVE AND BEEN OFF BALANCE I'D COME ALONG TOO!
HOPE YOU DON'T HAVE ANY MORE ACCIDENTS, ZATARA!
HMM... JEFF LUND DOESN'T SEEM PARTICULARLY HAPPY TO SEE THAT I'M STILL ALIVE! I WONDER...
THE POND OVER THERE IS FULL OF LOGS! WONDER WHY CARTER ISN'T HAVING THE SAME TROUBLE AS RAND.
BUT WHAT'S THAT. NOW WHAT COULD HAVE SMASHED THAT TREE?

OF COURSE... A FLYING LOG! BUT HOW DID IT GET HERE?
JACK RAND'S LUMBER CHUTE.. THERE'S MACHINERY HIDDEN UNDER IT! CHAINS AND PULLEYS!
IF MY IDEA IS RIGHT, I SEE IT ALL NOW! ONLY I SEE SOMETHING ELSE, TOO!
ALL RIGHT, SNOOPER! JUST MAKE BELIEVE YOU'RE A TREE!
HAW, HAW! AND WE'LL CUT YOU DOWN!
THE LOG WE SENT DOWN THAT CHUTE MISSED, BUT OUR AXES WON'T!
WHAT LONG AXES! SELDNAH DNIW DNUORA NEM!*
*READ ZATARA'S WORDS BACKWARD
HELP! I'M IN A TIGHT SQUEEZE!
SEERT TIH!
5

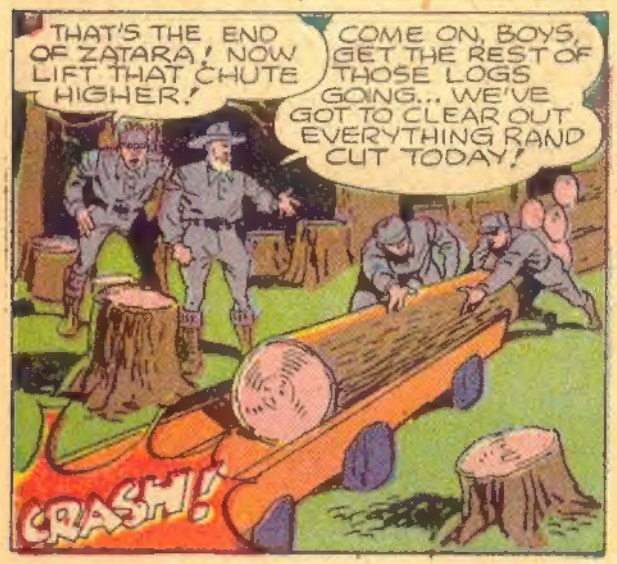
YOU CHOPPED DOWN OUR BROTHERS EH! TAKE THAT!
WOW! THE FOREST IS GETTING REVENGE!
BUT JUST THEN...
BOW DOWN TO A BOUGH!
GOOD! HE DOESN'T NOTICE US!
HERE'S A DOSE OF YOUR OWN MAGIC!
WE'RE SAVED... THE BOSS GOT ZATARA!
NICE WORK, LUND! NOW UP THE HILL WITH HIM!
HA! HA! A LITTLE LOG RIDE FOR PEOPLE WHO INTERFERE WITH CARTER'S BUSINESS, EH?
I'LL STAY HERE AND WORK THE CHUTE RIGGING, ZEB!
IT'LL LOOK LIKE A LOG CAUGHT HIM ON RAND'S CHUTE! MY COMPETITOR WILL BE VERY SAD TO LEARN OF HIS FRIEND'S DEATH, HA, HA!
JUST LIFT THE CHUTE HALF WAY! WE'LL ROCKET HIM INTO THAT TREE!
THE CHUTE'S SET! PUSH HIM OFF!
NOW ZATARA CAN INSPECT OUR LITTLE SCHEME TO RUIN RAND ... IN PERSON!
DOWN TO HIS DOOM PLUNGES THE DAZED MAGICIAN!
TIED TO THIS LOG... THEY'RE SHOOTING ME DOWN THE RUNWAY! BUT WHAT'S THIS ..

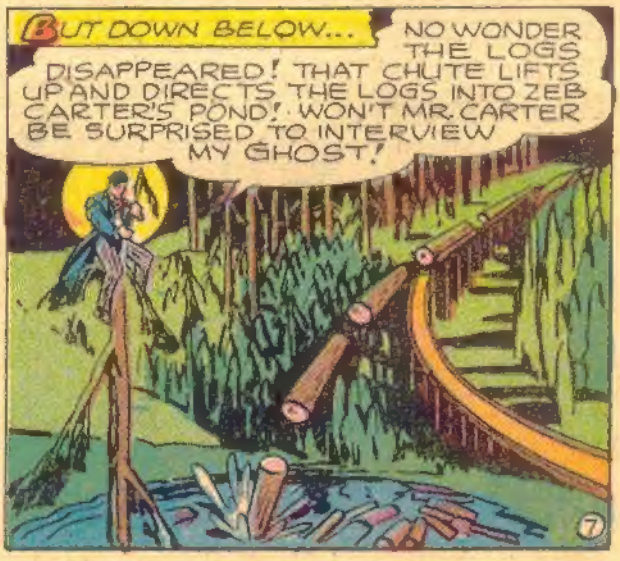
AN OLD INDIAN ARROW IMBEDDED IN THIS TREE TRUNK! I'VE GOT TO USE IT--FAST!


THERE... FREE! THAT SHARP ARROW DID THE TRICK!


OUT INTO SPACE SOARS THE LOG AND ITS HUMAN RIDER...

TIME TO GET OFF THIS WOODEN BRONCO AND GET ON WITH OUR BUSINESS!


THAT'S THE END OF ZATARA! NOW LIFT THAT CHUTE HIGHER!
COME ON, BOYS, GET THE REST OF THOSE LOGS GOING... WE'VE GOT TO CLEAR OUT EVERYTHING RAND CUT TODAY!
CRASH!


BUT DOWN BELOW...
NO WONDER THE LOGS DISAPPEARED! THAT CHUTE LIFTS UP AND DIRECTS THE LOGS INTO ZEB CARTER'S POND! WON'T MR. CARTER BE SURPRISED TO INTERVIEW MY GHOST!

LATER AT ZEB CARTER'S POND...
SO THIS IS WHERE ALL MY LOGS ARE GOING!
SHHH... CARTER AND LUND SHOULD BE ALONG ANY MINUTE NOW!
WELL, ZEB, IN A COUPLE OF DAYS THERE'LL BE NO MORE LUMBER LEFT FOR THAT GADGET OF OURS! AND THEN WE'LL TELL RAND WE'RE QUITTING TO WORK FOR YOU! HA, HA!
GOOD THING WE GOT ZATARA!
HEY! HERE'S HIS GHOST!
YOU STOLE THESE LOGS, NOW TAKE THEM! SGOL ELBMUT!
NO, NO! DON'T ZATARA!
TRUH TON! PART NEM NI LLEC!
THIS IS JUST A SAMPLE OF THE REAL JAIL CELL YOU'RE GOING TO GET!
I'LL RETURN THE LUMBER! I'LL CONFESS... ONLY GET ME OUT SAFE!
NEXT DAY...
NOW THAT CARTER HAS CONFESSED AND YOUR FOREMAN HAS JOINED HIM IN JAIL, LUMBERING UP HERE WILL BE MUCH LESS MYSTERIOUS!
WHEW! AND I WAS ALMOST READY TO BELIEVE LOGS COULD "VANISH!"

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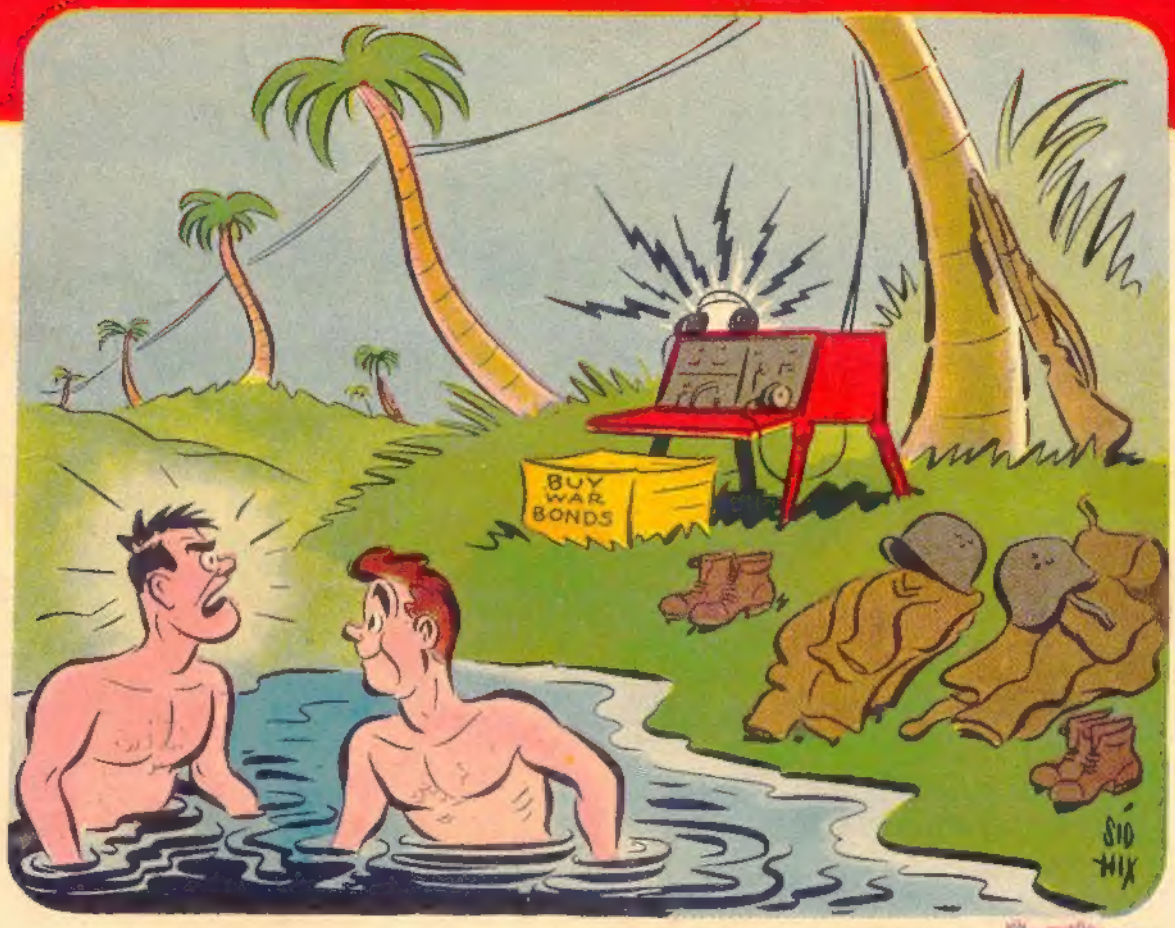


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